# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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**NOTICES.**

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the* Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

*All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the* 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

## News Notes.

With this number of The Bookman we present to our readers an unique set of portraits of the Poets Laureate of England from Ben Jonson to Alfred Austin. Unfortunately, there is, as far as we can ascertain, no portrait in existence of Nahum Tate; but with this exception the set is complete. The portraits are from the collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Dr. Conan Doyle is hard at work upon a new edition of "The Great Boer War," bringing the work up to the Proclamation of Peace. He hopes to have the book ready very shortly, but is finding it difficult to obtain full and accurate information.

Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, "Temporal Power," will probably not be issued until the end of August.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are publishing in the autumn Mr. Walter Savage Landor's new book, "A Journey Through Persian Baluchistan and Afghanistan." It will be in two demy 8vo volumes, and will contain 150 illustrations by the author.

The new novel, upon the writing of which Mr. Rider Haggard is at present engaged, is, we hear, to be a story of the Crusaders. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Haggard has made more than one journey to the Holy Land, one of the results of his last visit to the East being, as our readers will remember, "A Winter Pilgrimage."

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is well advanced with the manuscript of his new novel, which is on an Italian subject. It will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who are also preparing a one-volume edition of Mr. Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis," which has been thoroughly revised by the author.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has completed his "History of Quebec," which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The work will be in two volumes, and will be fully illustrated.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's new book is to be called "The Lady of the Barge."

Mr. Percy White has written a large part of his new society novel, "Park Lane," which Messrs. Constable will probably issue about the beginning of October.

Admiral Sir William Kennedy has now finished his book on "Sport in the Navy," and Messrs. Constable will publish it in the autumn.

Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish a volume of stories by the Duchess of Sutherland. Her Grace has not yet commenced her new novel.

Mr. David S. Meldrum's novel, "The Conquest of Charlotte," which is at present being serialised anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be issued in volume form this month.

Mr. Bram Stoker's new novel, "A Mystery of the Sea," will be published by Mr. Heinemann in August.

A new serial story by Joseph Conrad will shortly commence in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Mrs. Campbell Praed has completed a new novel, which is at present entitled "Fugitive Anne." It will be published by Mr. John Long.

Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters,"—a story of modern life, with a love interest and some studies of financial and social life—now appearing as a serial in the *Queen*, will be published in September. Mrs. Craigie has been engaged upon it for rather more than three years. Mr. Bourchier has secured the British rights of "The Bishop's Move," and he will reopen his new season at the Garrick Theatre with this new piece. Mrs. Craigie expects to go to New York in September, to superintend the production of a new comedy, written in collaboration with Mr. Edmund Rose for Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton's new novel is entitled "The Fate of Valsec." It will be published at an early date by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has been travelling on the Continent for the last two or three months, is expected to be back in London this month.

There appears to be quite a large demand now for expensive Art books. Mrs. Frankau's Life of John Raphael Smith, the celebrated eighteenth-century engraver (which is accompanied by a portfolio of fifty

THE KING'S BOOKPLATE.
Kindly supplied by Mr. R. R. Holmes, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor.

reproductions of his works), although it is not to be published until November, was sold out a month ago, and is, we understand, already at a substantial premium, notwithstanding the fact that the publication price is thirty guineas net. The edition was limited to 350 copies, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have sold the whole in the United Kingdom.

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Another important Art book to be published in the autumn by Messrs. George Bell and Sons is "The Life of George Engleheart," Miniature Painter to George the Third. Almost all the illustrations in this book are of miniatures never before reproduced. At the special request of some miniature collectors, fifty copies will be issued with ten exquisitely coloured illustrations, copied with rigid accuracy from the originals by a clever miniature painter. This edition, which is published at twelve guineas net, was immediately sold out, and is, we understand, already at a large premium. A large paper edition, consisting of 100 numbered and signed copies, and published at two guineas net, is also sold out, and very nearly the whole of the 350 copies of the ordinary edition at 25s. net have been applied for. The same firm of publishers are issuing a large foolscap folio book by P. G. Konody, entitled "The Art of Walter Crane." It will be published at

three guineas net, and will contain eight photogravures, twenty-four coloured plates, and upwards of 160 printed other illustrations. There will also be 100 large paper copies on Arnold's hand-made paper

ONE OF THE KING'S BOOKPLATES.
Kindly supplied by Mr. R. R. Holmes, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor.

in red and black. These will be sold at six guineas net.

Mr. Heinemann will publish in the early autumn "William Hogarth," by Austin Dobson, uniform with his successful issues of "Gainsborough," "Reynolds," and "Raeburn." Sir Walter Armstrong has, we understand, written an introduction on "Hogarth's Workmanship." The book will be published at five guineas net. It will contain about seventy plates, sixty being in photogravures, and ten in lithographic facsimiles. There will be two other editions, one limited to eighty copies at ten guineas net, and the other limited to thirty copies at twenty guineas net. With these two editions will be presented extra sets of plates printed on Japanese and India paper.

Mr. Baring-Gould's new novel, "Nebo the Nailer," will be included by Messrs. Cassell and Co. in their forthcoming autumn list.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are, we hear, to publish immediately Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, entitled "The Virgin and the Scales."

Amongst Messrs. Hutchinson's autumn books will also be Mr. J. A. Steuart's novel, entitled "A Son of Gad."

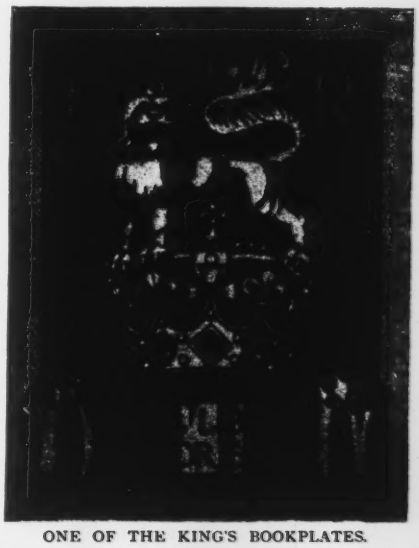
Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in the early autumn new novels by Mr. Thomas Cobb, Mr. Francis Gribble, and Madame Tosti, wife of the well-known composer, Paolo Tosti.

The Bampton Lecturer for 1903 is the Rev. W. H. Hutton, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Mr. Hutton is eminent, not strictly as a theologian, but as a student of Church History, and he is known beyond Oxford as the author of a life of Laud, and of various other works. His Lectures on English Saints will form an interesting departure from the more purely philosophical type of Bampton Lecture.

The issue of the Oxford Historical Society for the year will be a volume of the interesting Diary of Thomas Hearne, which contains the Oxford gossip of the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. Hearne was a bigoted Jacobite. and his Diary throws an interesting sidelight on the hopes of that party immediately after the accession of the House of Hanover. The Society has a number of interesting works in active preparation.

Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor has now completed what will probably prove the most sumptuous book on Burma that has yet appeared. Mr. O'Connor is a well-known member of the Burmese Civil Service, and his experiences in the land of the pagoda have been such as to give him special knowledge of the lives and customs of the people. The collection of photographs which will be used to illustrate this work is a really superb one. Most were taken by the author, and in places not as a rule visited by the camera-bearing tourist.

Mr. A. J. Dawson, whose work in connection with Morocco, as well as his fiction, will be known to many



ONE OF THE KING'S BOOKPLATES.
Kindly supplied by Mr. R. R. Holmes, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor.

of our readers, has just placed with his publishers a romantic novel, upon which he has been at work for more than three years. The story will embody much of the Moroccan lore which Mr. Dawson has accumu-

lated during his travels in that country for the past six years. For the proper verification of single incidents in it, the author took journeys which occupied many weeks, and in more than one case he carried his life in his hand. The story is a long one, full of incident, folk-lore, and Moorish colouring.

The life of the patient and humble race of cottiers on the remoter isles of the Hebrides is, for the most part, pathetically inarticulate; but not since the time of Norman Macleod have the "Outer Isles" found such an eloquent exponent and advocate as Miss Goodrich Freer, whose volume with the above title is shortly to appear.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., has written a book on "Fishing and Shooting, the Pleasures and Pains." The work will be illustrated by Mr. Archibald Thorburn.

Katherine Tynan has completed a new novel, which is at present entitled "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose."

Mr. J. Storar Clouston, author of the successful extravaganza, "The Lunatic at Large," has completed a new humorous book.

## THE PROSPECTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN BOOK TRADE.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. T. MASKEW MILLER, OF CAPE TOWN.

MR. T. MASKEW MILLER, the head and founder of the well-known book-selling firm of that name in South Africa, is paying his first visit to this country. Mr. Miller has book stores in Cape Town, Paarl, Buluwayo, and Pretoria. He is also in negotiation for premises in Johannesburg, which he hopes to open at no very distant date.

Mr. Miller is much impressed by the unsatisfactory state of British book-selling. What appears to have struck him most is the general poorness of the appearance of the book-selling shops, which he considers are extremely unattractive and not likely to draw customers. He considers that the trade in South Africa at the present time is in a great deal better condition than it is in Great Britain. This he puts down to the bookseller in South Africa not giving away the larger proportion of his profits in discounts. In Cape Town, 6s. is given by the public for a 6s. novel, and "up country" another 1s. would be paid, and on a 3s. 6d. book another sixpence. In the case of net books, twenty per cent. is added to the net price. It may here be mentioned, that as far as the Colonies are concerned, Mr. Miller is not at all in favour of the net system, although he quite sees that for the good of the trade it is quite necessary in this country. He says that his customers do not at all understand an extra twenty per cent. being charged them above the price printed in the catalogue or on the wrapper of the book, and that it leads to endless explanation, very often annoyance, and frequently refusals to purchase.

There has been in the South African book trade a distinctly better tone ever since the Jameson Raid. A better class of people has visited the Colony, and a higher class of books has found a more ready sale. There has been an increasing demand for the last few years for biography and history, a class of literature which, before the Raid, had a comparatively small sale. There is also an ever-increasing demand for daintily bound books, the "Temple" and "Century" classics being two of the series that Mr. Miller instances.

The book-selling trade in South Africa has, it appears, increased by leaps and bounds since the commencement of the War, more especially during the last fifteen months, the sale of fiction having gone up very much indeed. Mr. Miller's theory is that everybody was getting heartily sick of the hostilities, and that they were only too pleased to be able to fall back upon literature for a change. He does not, however, anticipate that there will be a boom in anything, more especially books, for quite another twelve months; in fact, he is rather inclined to think that the reverse is likely to be the case, but in a year or eighteen months he anticipates a large increase in business.

Mr. Miller's firm is one of the largest dealers in educational works in South Africa, and for this branch of his business he anticipates the greatest increase in the future; as a matter of fact the sale has been going up yearly for some time past.

With regard to new fiction, in Mr. Miller's opinion Marie Corelli is the most popular author in South Africa. He says that he has no difficulty in getting rid of over 2,000 of any new novel she produces. He thinks probably that Mr. Hall Caine ranks next to her. He says that Colonial booksellers owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Macmillan and Company for inventing the Colonial Library; it has been of enormous value, and has resulted in a very considerable increase in the sale of fiction throughout this colony. He thinks that in the case of first-class authors it would be better that publishers should let the ordinary 6s. edition have a few months' run before bringing it out in cheap colonial form, as a large number of persons prefer to pay the extra price rather than wait some months for the Colonial edition. It is needless to point out that this method would be to the advantage not only of the bookseller but the publisher also. In the case of second and third rate writers of fiction, Mr. Miller advocates the simultaneous publication of the Colonial with the English edition.

Mr. Miller finds that the sale in the paper edition is not so large as it used to be, but he does not advocate that style being abolished, as it is frequently enquired for by people who are travelling. In taking 500 copies of a new book he would take fifty only in paper and the rest in cloth. The non-copyright books have a fairly large sale in the colonies, but only the very well-known titles are sold in anything like large numbers.

Asked if there was anything the London publishers could do to help the colonial booksellers, Mr. Miller was very strong upon keeping the colonial bookseller advised well in advance of new works, if it were only the title and name of the author. "Of course," said Mr. Miller, "we have our agent over here who is allowed to use his discretion in the matter of buying, but it is obvious that a man who has lived in the colonies all his life is better able to judge of the class

of book that will sell best there. The consequence is that when the colonial bookseller is not advised well ahead, say two months, he frequently gets a short supply of some book that, had he known of, he would like to have ordered in much larger numbers." When an important book comes out, Mr. Miller, at his own expense, frequently sends copies to the principal papers for review.

Mr. Miller speaks with enthusiasm of the kindly reception he has received from all the London publishers; the only shadows that have crossed his path during his visit to the Old Country appear to be the unpropitious state of both the weather and the bookselling trade in Great Britain.

## Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

### (1) ENGLAND.

MAY 20TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1902.

The month opened with anything but a prosperous outlook. Fortunately, however, there have been a few successful lines which have, to a certain extent, proved to be the redeeming features of what would otherwise have been a very trying time. Although the trade must be thankful that the war is at an end, the Coronation at present holds the field, and it is evident that some time must yet elapse before the public settles down and an increased demand for books is experienced.

The output of 6s. novels has been exceptionally small, and no work of especial importance in this line has appeared. The volume which has continued to sell the most freely is "The Way of Escape," by Graham Travers.

In 3s. 6d. fiction "Mr. Dooley's Opinions" and "Greater Love," by Silas K. Hocking, have been the leading lines.

Some thirty or forty volumes pertinent to the Coronation are before the public, but with the exception of one or two which have met with a fair amount of success the sales have been confined to the Souvenir issues of the illustrated periodicals. Several of these sumptuous issues have been in considerable demand, the most popular being those of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sphere*.

Two works of travel have been accorded a hearty welcome by the public, the first being an account of the Journey of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales in the *Ophir*, and entitled "The Web of Empire," by Sir D. M. Wallace, and the other a work on what is one of the most promising portions of the British Dominions, "The Uganda Protectorate," by Sir Harry Johnston.

Another volume, "Mechanism of War," has appeared by "Linesman," which bids fair to be as popular as his "Words by an Eye-witness." "Lord Milner and South Africa," by Iwan-Muller, has been much in request, and the second volume of the *Times* "History of the War" attracted a considerable amount of attention, though the sales were somewhat limited by the fact of its not being purchaseable apart from the other volumes of this work.

The concluding volume of the Dictionary of the Bible has continued to form one of the leading features of the month, and has led to an increased demand for the previous volumes.

Sixpenny reprints appear to loom larger than ever upon the trade horizon, and continue a firm hold on the public taste, about fifty new issues having appeared since the beginning of April. Amongst those for which very extensive orders have been received are "East Lynne," "Uncle Bernac," by Conan Doyle, and "Auld Licht Idylls," by J. M. Barrie.

The Magazines are all more or less full of Coronation matter, but the most popular have been the "Sunday Magazine," with its narrative of Miss Stone's adventures, and the new monthly issue of Green's Short History of England, the latter being in great demand.

As we close our report an official Illustrated Guide to the Coronation Processions is announced from *Black and White*, on behalf of the King Edward VII. Hospital Fund, and large orders are being placed.

The list of the best selling books of the month is as follows:—

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
The Web of Empire. By Sir D. M. Wallace. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Uganda Protectorate. By Sir H. Johnston. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Greater Love. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)
Lord Milner and South Africa. By E. B. I. Müller. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
Times History of the War. (Sets only.) (Low.)
The Diary of a Goose Girl. By K. D. Wiggin. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)
Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. 4. 28s. (T. and T. Clark.)
Several Souvenir Coronation issues.
Green's Short History of England in monthly parts and Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 24—Quiet in all departments.
,, 31—An improvement in country trade, but still slack in town sales.
June 7—A somewhat brisker week.
,, 14—Very slack in home trade. Export better.

### (2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 20TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1902.

The outstanding features of the month's business were the issue of numerous publications in connection with the Coronation festivities and the improvement in trade noticeable immediately on the proclamation of peace.

The most successful of the special Coronation numbers issued by the illustrated weeklies were *The London News* and *The Sphere*. The following books were also easily sold as souvenirs of the great historical event:—"The Coronation Miniature Bible," the various parts of "The Coronation Book of Edward VII.," many volumes dealing with the national and religious aspects of the event, and, not by any means the least in popularity, "The Coronation Dumpy Book" and "The Coronation Nonsense Book," recording in their own way the humour of the occasion.

Not for a very long time has there been such a very strong catalogue of religious works placed before the public as can be mentioned this month. The following sold well:—Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," Vol. 4; Dr. Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," Dr. G. A. Smith's "Modern Criticism and the Old Testament"; and

there continued a good sale for Dr. John Smith's "Integrity of Scripture."

Biography was well represented in "Chalmers' Work and Adventures in New Guinea," Stephen's "Life of George Eliot," and specially in the orders booked for Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone," to be issued shortly.

War books were not numerous, but the appearance of "The Mechanism of War," by Linesman, and also the publication of a sixpenny issue of that author's thrilling work, "Words by an Eye-witness," excited considerable interest.

Rather a brisk business was done in travelling maps and local guide-books showing that booksellers were hopeful of a good season, and the sales of such volumes as "The Contour Road Book" and "The Scott Country" proved that the tourist trade had already begun.

The appearance of new sixpenny re-issues of popular works was as marked as ever, but the sales had a tendency to fall off. In this form may be mentioned the popularity of "East Lynne," "Auld Licht Idylls," and "The Japanese Marriage"; also the numerous orders taken for "Lorna Doone" about to be re-issued.

Of some interest was the issue of the new "County Directory of Scotland," which had been for a long time in preparation.

In thin paper editions probably those of Messrs. Treherne in the "Coronation Series" claimed attention most, and Messrs. Newnes' were also much in request.

No 6s. novel gained any very large sale, but "The Way of Escape," by Graham Travers; "On the Old Trail," by Bret Harte; "Shears of Fate," by H. Tremayne; and "A Blaze of Glory," by John Strange Winter, may be mentioned as successful novels.

Magazines, owing to the start of the travelling season, bulked largely in the month's business, and, perhaps, the extraordinary demand for Weldon's double numbers ought to be mentioned.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (Blackwood.)
A Blaze of Glory. John Strange Winter. 6s. (White.)
On the Old Trail. By Bret Harte. 6s. (Pearson.)
Between Ourselves. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The One Before. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
The Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Illustrated London News Coronation Number. 5s.
The Scott Country. By W. S. Crockett. 6s. (Black.)
Work and Adventures of James Chalmers. 7s. 6d. net. (R. T. Society.)
Modern Criticism and the Old Testament. By Dr. G. A. Smith. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Integrity of Scripture. By Dr. John Smith. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Philosophy of Christian Religion. By Dr. Fairbairn. 12s. (Hodder.)
Contour Road Book. 2s. net. (Gall and Inglis.)
Life of George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Diary of a Goose Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

*Sixpenny Editions.*

Auld Licht Idylls.
East Lynne.
Words of an Eye Witness.
The Japanese Marriage.
Guides to all the tourist districts and also travelling maps.

# The Booksellers' Diary.

JULY.

## PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

**July 5th.**

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—Robert Orange, 6d. ..... *John Long*

**July 7th.**

LITTLEDALE, PROF., EDITOR.—Dyce's Glossary to Shakespeare, 7/6 net ..... *Sonnenschein*
HOWARD, E.—Garden Cities, 1/- and 1/6 net ..... *Sonnenschein*
ECKENSTEIN, LINA.—Albrecht Dürer, 2/- and 2/6 net *Duckworth*
HOLME, RICHARD H.—Through Storm and Stress, 3/- net *Walter Scott*

**July 8th.**

MATTHEWS, F. AYMAR.—My Lady Peggy Goes to Town, 6/- *Grant Richards*
CROSLAND, T. W. H.—The Unspeakable Scot, 5/- *Grant Richards*
WELLWOOD, S., EDITOR.—Marina: A Dramatic Romance, 3/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
McKENZIE, F. A.—American Invaders, 2/6 net ... *Grant Richards*
FYFE, H. C.—Submarine Warfare, 7/6 net ..... *Grant Richards*

**July 9th.**

RHONE, ROSAMOND D.—The Days of the Son of Man, 6/- *Putnams*
MATTHEWS, F. SCHUYLER.—Field Book of American Wild Flowers, 7/6 ..... *Putnams*

**July 10th.**

MILES, E. H.—Avenues to Health, 4/6 ..... *Sonnenschein*
GOODALL, FREDERICK, R.A.—Reminiscences, 12/- *Walter Scott*
FORDER, A.—With the Arabs in Tent and Town *Marshall Brothers*
TANNSAND, DR. J.—The Buccaneer Queen, 1/- *Marshall Brothers*
MOORE, C. J.—Out of His Treasures, 1/- net *Marshall Brothers*

**July 11th.**

ANDREAE, PERCY.—A Life at Stake, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
LINDSAY, MAYNE.—Prophet Peter, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*

**July 14th**

SETON, GEORGE.—A Budget of Anecdotes, 6/- *Chapman & Hall*

**July 15th.**

MELDRUM, DAVID S.—The Conquest of Charlotte, 6/- *Blackwood*
FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—Vagabond Papers, 1/- *Walter Scott*
THOMAS, GRIFFITH.—Methods of Bible Study, 1/6 *Marshall Brothers*

**July 16th.**

ADAMS, JOHN COLEMAN.—William Hamilton Gibson, 10/6 *Putnams*
SHERIDAN, R. B.—The School for Scandal. Ariel Booklet. 1/6 net ..... *Putnams*
KEATS, JOHN.—The Eve of St. Agnes. Ariel Booklet. 1/6 net *Putnams*
IRVING, WASHINGTON.—The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Ariel Booklet. 1/6 net ..... *Putnams*

**July 18th.**

METCALFE, CRANSTOUN.—Splendid Mourning, 6/- *Ward, Lock*
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Beyond the Law, 3/6 ... *Ward, Lock*

**July 21st.**

MATHERS, HELEN.—A Man of To-Day, 6d. ..... *John Long*
COOPER, REV. A. N. COOPER.—Tramps of "The Walking Parson," 6/- ..... *Walter Scott*
HAMILTON, H. B. HANS, AND URQUHART A. FORBES.—Statutory Law Relating to Collieries, 17/6 ..... *Walter Scott*

**July 22nd.**

Guide to Stratford-on-Avon, 2/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
Guide to Channel Islands, 2/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
SHIEL, M. P.—The Weird o' It, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*
DEFOE, DANIEL.—Robinson Crusoe (World's Classic), 1/- and 2/- *Grant Richards*

**July 25th.**

OXLEY, MACDONALD.—L'hasa at Last, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
LITTLE, A. CLARK.—Outlaws, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*

**July 28th.**

HUGHES, R. E., M.A.—The Making of Citizens, 6/- *Walter Scott*

**July 30th.**

CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Bitter Fruit, 6d. ..... *John Long*

**August 1st.**

BAKER, H. BARTON.—Robert Miner, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
QUAINES, TRESHAM.—The Flying Post, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
HAIG, C. A.—Life of Gen. Haig, 3/6 ..... *Marshall Brothers*

XUM

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

BEN JONSON

*After Gerard Honthurst*

Appointed 1616.

# The Reader.

## THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

By Thomas Seccombe.

THE practice of crowning, with laurel, victors in intellectual contests is said to have prevailed under the Roman Empire from Domitian till Theodosius, when it was abolished as a remnant of paganism. Petrarch was publicly crowned in the Capitol of Rome in 1341, and a picturesque description of the scene is preserved in Gibbon; Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, in the "Canterbury Tales," says he has learned the story of Griselda from Petrarch, "the laureate poete." Tasso was laureated post mortem in April, 1595, the poet having unfortunately died the night before the ceremony was to have taken place. From an early period in the history of our English Court we find mention of an officer called "Versificator," *Protovates*, or *Archipoeta*, and in the thirteenth century the stipend attached to the post was one hundred shillings per annum. Robert Baston was minstrel on these terms to Edward II., whom he accompanied "up north"; but the victory he was specially engaged to celebrate did not come off. Baston was captured by the Scots, and had to write a poem to *their* taste before he could obtain his release. Chaucer had a pitcher of wine daily from the well-stocked table of Richard II., besides several royal grants. Chaucer was addressed as "laureate" by poetic disciples. Gower and Lydgate were also styled "laureates." "Beastly Skelton," whom "heads of houses quote," was, we know, *laureatus* at Oxford, as having attained his Baccalaureate in grammar, rhetoric, and poetry; and in 1493 he was honoured with the same decoration at Cambridge. In 1504, Henry VII. marked his appreciation of his poetic skill by bestowing on him a dress, apparently of white and green, on which was embroidered in letters of silk and gold, "Calliope." Skelton repeatedly described himself as "poet laureate." Henceforth, the title became applied to the royal versificator. Gascoyne, Lyly, and Richard Edwards were all Court poets in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign. In February, 1591, the Queen gave proof of her appreciation of "the Faerie Queene," by granting Edmund Spenser a pension. The pension was to have been £100 a year, but Burleigh protested against such extravagance as unseemly, and the poet eventually received a grant of half that sum.

If a Court pension be sufficient to confer the title, Drayton and Daniel have similar claims with Spenser. Drayton was

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

**SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT**

*After Faithorne*

**Appointed 1638.**

painted bearing a very bright laurel wreath, which gleams to this day in the National Portrait Gallery, just below the satyr-like portrait of Ben Jonson, and cheek by jowl with the Chandos Shakespeare. But it is more correct to withhold the title until we come to 1st February, 1616. On that day Ben Jonson received the title of Poet Laureate, and a pension of one hundred marks, by Letters Patent under the Great Seal. The Patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated 26th March, 1630. By the terms of the renewed grant "for acceptable service done unto us and our said father by the said Benjamin Jonson," the annuity was augmented from one hundred marks to "one hundred pounds of lawful money," in addition to "one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly," from the palace cellars at Whitehall. The pension was to be paid quarterly, and was the same sum that was paid to the King's physician. Jonson certainly earned every penny of his salary by the splendid series of masques which he produced in conjunction with Inigo Jones. Upon his death in August, 1637, the laurel was, after a delay of sixteen months, conferred, mainly through the interest of the Queen, upon Sir William Davenant. There was a rival in the field, Thomas May, who wrote thus tolerantly of his successful opponent: "He continued very steadfast in his old road, adhered to his old principles and his old friends, writing from time to time new poems, exhibiting new plays, and having the chief direction and management of the Court diversions so long as the disorders of those times would permit." But, alas, the "troubles" supervened, and our brave laureate girded on his sword and fought at the siege of Gloucester; subsequently he was taken by the Roundheads and tried for his life. Milton, however, is said to have spoken on his behalf, a compliment which Davenant had the good fortune to be able to return in 1660. Martyn is said to have characterised him as a rotten rascal, not worth sacrificing. A wag remarked he trusted Davenant would never be blind, for, if he were, he'd have nothing to hang his spectacles on. Suckling has a similar gibe in his "Session of the Poets."

At the Restoration, Sir William Davenant, who had been poet laureate to Charles I. after the death of Ben Jonson, resumed his nominal presidency in the English world of letters by becoming poet laureate to Charles II. He was then fifty-four, and held the resumed post till his death in the year of the great Clarendon's fall, 1668. The performance of which he was proudest, however (and a literal *pièce de resistance*), was written while he was out of office. This was "Gondibert" (1651), an heroic poem, which Hobbes (the only man known to have read the poem through, as attested by his notes upon it), thought would last as long as the "Æneid" or the "Iliad." Any attempt nowadays to read the poem continuously ends, says Prof. Masson, in gentle stupefaction. Poor hand though he was at epic or

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

**JOHN DRYDEN**

*By Sir Godfrey Kneller*

**Appointed 1670.**

lyric, in Davenant's plays there are still signs of faithful allegiance to ths *grand siècle* of the English drama. His veneration for the memory of Shakespeare took (as is well known) a rather extreme form, for he accepted with an amused grin the improbable imputation that Shakespeare was his natural father. The lines "In Memory of Mr. William Shakespeare," by a man who had seen Shakespeare and been patted on the head by him, are not devoid of a certain interest:—

"Beware, delighted poets, when you sing
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flower,
As it ne'er knew a sun or shower,
Hangs there the pensive head!"

Davenant died on 7th April, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in a walnut wood coffin, which, Aubrey informs us, was the finest coffin Sir John Denham ever saw. On his tombstone was inscribed:

"O rare Sir William Davenant!"

A successor was appointed in August, 1670, the posts of poet laureate and historiographer royal being temporarily combined, and the salary fixed at £200, which was subsequently doubled. The offices had the further advantages of being sinecures. John Dryden would have been a wealthy man when he secured this appointment, but for the fact that the royal salaries were usually two or three years in arrear. Of this laureate's numerous coat turnings, and how he was satirised respectively by Buckingham, Shadwell, and Blackmore as "Bayes," and as "Laurus," it is necessary to say very little. Though first prominent as a panegyrist of Oliver Cromwell, he became a high and dry prerogative man, and no poet can have estimated the laurel crown so highly as he did, for rather than relinquish it, as he would otherwise have had to do when James II. came to the throne, he abandoned his religion and turned Roman Catholic. He was, however, in 1689, dispossessed of his place, upon political grounds (for he could not as a Roman Catholic take the oath of supremacy and abjuration), in favour of his rival, Thomas Shadwell, and he died in Gerrard Street, Soho, a pensioner, not of the King, but of the Earl of Dorset, on 1st May, 1700. He was buried in Poet's Corner, hard by Chaucer and Cowley. His successor, Shadwell (whom he survived) was an "honest man," in the sense of being a good Whig; he was also an excellent fellow, very fat, but full of fun and good humour, as well as a clever epitomist of "humours," of "the tribe of Ben." Dryden, however, as might have been expected, did his best to make things uncomfortable for him. The capacity of the English tongue as an instrument of satire was hardly known until "Mac Flecnoe" appeared. Of the new laureate he wrote:—

"The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With the prophetic blessing: Be thou dull,
Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk—do anything but write.
Eat opium, mingle arsenic with thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink."

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

## THOMAS SHADWELL

*After Faithorne*

**Appointed 1689.**

"Mature in dulness from his early years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity;
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Shadwell did not long enjoy the honour of Dryden's full-blooded satire. He died suddenly at Chelsea, in November, 1692; the report that he died from an overdose of opium (to the habit of which he was a victim) was denied by Brady, who preached his funeral sermon. He was succeeded by Nahum Tate. The reason for Tate's appointment does not appear upon the surface. He was an Irishman, an alumnus of Trinity College, and a man whose ability seems to have been superior to his character. He was probably the poet, as Brady was the theologian, of Tate and Brady's famous New metrical version of the Psalter. One of these, "As pants the hart for cooling streams," is still familiar in slightly variant forms. In another, "The Prince who slights what God commands, exposed to scorn must quit the throne," a political allusion has been scented. Tate also wrote a poem on tea, and produced an essentially tea-cup adaptation of "King Lear," with a happy ending, which was very popular in the eighteenth century. He "edited" in a similar way Webster's "Duchess of Malfy." Pope wrote of him straining "from hard-bound brains eight lines a year"; but he was not devoid of imagination, and his picture of obsequious choirs of angels welcoming Queen Mary II. into heaven was the quintessence of Courtliness. His pliancy could not prevent his ejection in 1715, and he died the same year in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty. On the accession of George I., Nicholas Rowe, who was an ardent Whig, was appointed to succeed Nahum (1st August, 1715). Rowe, of course, is well known to students of literature and history, a pretty and a cultivated man, author of two famous sentimental tragedies, "Jane Shore" and the "Fair Penitent," and the first "editor" of Shakespeare. What little we know of Shakespeare, apart from legal documents and internal evidence, is mainly due to Rowe's collaborator in this edition, the actor Betterton. Less known is the fact that the "gallant, gay Lothario" is a creation of Rowe's in the "Fair Penitent." Rowe died on 6th December, 1718, and was buried in Poets' Corner. He executed in his later years several official new year odes, addressed to the King. In former times the poet had as a rule confined the display of his art to some great or public occasion, but henceforth it became the custom for the laureate to compose at least twice a year, on 1st January and on the King's birthday, odes in praise of the monarch, which were set to music, and sung (after rehearsal at the "Devil Tavern," Fleet Street), by the children of the Chapel Royal. At first they were usually printed separately on broad sheets. After 1731 and 1758 respectively, they were commonly printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* and in *The Annual Register*. This was the kind of thing:—

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

## NICHOLAS ROWE

*After Sir Godfrey Kneller*

**Appointed 1715.**

"Again the circling year its course has run,
And brought about the day that glads the sun.
That by Great GEORGE'S most auspicious birth,
Brought down celestial virtues upon earth.
Let Rome no more her boasted worthies praise,
They all must yield to GEORGE'S brighter rays."

. . . . . .

"From Charles Restored short was our term of bliss,
But GEORGE from GEORGE entails our happiness."

It was left to the Duke of Newcastle, who was in 1718 Lord Chamberlain, first to prostitute the laureate's office, by offering it, upon Rowe's death, to Laurence Eusden, a "promising" minor fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; Eusden took courage upon this promotion to take holy orders, and turned out a drunken parson, the "parson much bemus'd in beer," of Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.

The appointment gave occasion for the Duke of Buckingham's "Election of a Poet Laureate," and henceforth, during the eighteenth century, the topic became a favourite one for the satirist. The beer bottle proved fatal to the Rev. Lawrence Eusden, in September, 1730, and he was succeeded by the well-known actor, playwright, autobiographer, and hero of "The Dunciad," Colley Cibber. There were at the time, "many authors whose merit wanted nothing but interest to recommend them to the vacant *laurel*, and who took it ill to see it at last conferred upon a comedian." Among the fond aspirants were mentioned oftenest Pope, Dennis, Theobald, and Stephen Duck, the thresher. More envious still was the Grub Street nonentity, who apostrophised the King:

"Great George, such servants since thou well canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack."

Cibber, nevertheless, got both sack and screw by appointment dated 3rd December 1730, Duck was consoled by a pension from the Queen, but Pope remained to lead the pack of Cibber's numerous tormentors. Cibber's egregious vanity, a foible not unheard of in his profession, made him a conspicuous mark, and his odes were exquisite nonsense indeed; but as Johnson said, Cibber himself was very far from being a blockhead. In the comedy of "The Provoked Husband," he did work equal to Vanbrugh's, and his "Apology" is in its way a masterpiece. The reason for Pope's venomous hatred of him has never been quite fully explained, but Cibber bore the brunt of it with an equanimity worthy of a Chesterfield or a Lord North. On Cibber's death in December 1757, the Duke of Devonshire offered the post to Gray, who refused it as an office calculated to humble its possessor. It was offered to Gray as a sinecure, but when the offer was transferred to William Whitehead, the latter was still expected to pay—

"His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise,"

which is rather surprising, says Mason, for George II. would readily have dispensed with hearing poetry for which he had no taste, and music for which he had no ear. But Mason was evidently rather piqued (in spite of his friend, Gray's, remark upon the lamentableness, among the petty

tribe of scribblers, to find beings capable of envying even a poet laureate) at not having the laurel offered to himself. How else are we to explain this strange exordium to his sketch of Whitehead?—"It would be vain to conceal that he was of low extraction. Let it be then boasted rather than whispered that he was the son of a baker." The supine posture which Whitehead adopted under the lash of Churchill—

"Whitehead, who in the Laureat chair
By Grace, not Merit, planted there" . . .

caused him to be regarded as a very poor creature; his works had to be issued anonymously, and the public applauded both a farce and a poem of his "because it was not known they were Whitehead's." Many "copies" by him are found in the well known, little traversed treasuries of eighteenth century occasional verse—Dodsley's, Pearch's, and Nichols's. He died 14th April, 1785, and upon his interment in South Audley Chapel, the following epitaph intended for his monument in Westminster Abbey, had to be discarded as a misfit:—

"Beneath this stone a Poet Laureat lies,
Nor great, nor good, nor foolish, nor yet wise;
Not meanly humble, nor yet swell'd with pride.
He simply liv'd—and just as simply died:
Each year his Muse productd a Birth-Day Ode,
Compos'd with flattery in the usual mode:
For this, and but for this, to George's praise,
The Bard was pension'd, and receiv'd the Bays."

He was succeeded by a great scholar and a very worthy man, Thomas Warton, who wrote his first ode for George III.'s birthday on 4th June, 1785. The chaplet fresh from the brows of Eusden and Whitehead it must be admitted that he handed on with little additional glory to the consummate Pye. His professional odes were, perhaps, as good as such forced, schoolboy exercises could well be expected to be, yet they gave rise to "The Probationary Odes for the Laureatship," a highly diverting series of burlesques which broke the ground for the more durable humour of "Rejected Addresses." It is as a scholar and historian of English poetry that Warton is deservedly famous; as a practitioner of verse he is most thought of as reviving the sonnet form, and as contributing, especially by his fine feeling for architecture, to the Gothic revival. The eminently respectable Dr. H. J. Pye was appointed to succeed Warton in the summer of 1790. He was a safe man in those revolutionary times. He was specially fitted to shine as a police magistrate, and he did, in fact, write an admirable compendium of the duties of a justice of the peace. If, while still of tender years, he could have been induced like Blackstone to utter a "Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," we should have been spared many examples of the "art of sinking in poetry." As a poet, Pye sank below Whitehead. His reputed *magnum opus* was a lengthy epic called "Alfred," but the chief event of his laureateship was the commutation of the annual perquisite of a tierce of canary for an annual payment of £27. This payment is still made to the P. L. by the Lord Steward's department for a "butt of sack."

Pye was always made fun of as a poet, and unfortunately there was another poet in the House of Commons at the same time, called Charles Small Pybus. In Pye's new year's odes are perpetual references to the coming spring. In the dearth of topics, each tree and field flower is described; the lark, and every other bird that could be brought into rhyme, were sure to appear, and this poetical and patriotic *olla podrida* is said to have evoked the impromptu:

"When the Pye was opened, the birds began to sing,
And was not that a dainty dish to lay before a king?"

From the time of George III.'s illness in 1810, the birthday odes fell into abeyance, but the New Year odes continued even in Southey's time to be demanded by the "Musicianers," to whom the vocal rendering no doubt meant perquisites. In succession to Pye, the authorities had the impudence to offer the post of P.L. to Sir Walter Scott. He refused a place which he feared might stick like a piece of "court plaster" to his reputation. Southey's appointment is dated October, 1813, Pye having died in the previous August. The salary was less than his fee for a single *Quarterly* article, but Southey accepted it as a "Godsend," and devoted the proceeds to insuring his life for £3,000. He was forty at the time, but his Toryism was still heady and he had to submit some of his *Carmina Triumphalia* to the ripe maturity of Croker! Nor can his fervour have greatly diminished, when in 1820, he wrote his daring "Vision of Judgment," describing George III.'s ascent into heaven, so cruelly lacerated by Byron. Southey, it will be remembered, in Byron's complementary "Vision," was dragged to the celestial gate by Asmodeus as a libeller of history, and ordered to read his spavin'd dactyls to the cherubim and seraphim, who fled in dismay, while George (who subsequently profited by the confusion to "slip into heaven"), mute till then, exclaimed, "What! What! *Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!" Byron admitted, however, of the multo-scribbler:—

"The varlet was not an ill-favoured knave":

and elsewhere he went so far as to say that to have his head and shoulders he would almost have written his "Sapphics." A great writer and a distinguished P.L., but hardly even a second-rate poet, Southey died on 21st March, 1843—he had been dead to everything but books for some years previous to this. Sir Robert Peel offered the vacant post to Wordsworth, who at first declined, but, finally, shameless sinecurist that he was, accepted the post on the express stipulation that no duties whatever were to be attached to the salary, amounting, it is believed, to £99 per annum.

"Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry,
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold?"

He even refused to buy a court-dress, when, in May, 1845, he went to a State ball, and afterwards attended a levée. He submitted, however, to be forced into the garments of Samuel Rogers, and girded himself with the sword of Sir Humphry Davy. More extraordinary is the circumstance that Tennyson was squeezed into the same suit when he went to a levée as Wordsworth's successor. In 1847 Wordsworth set his name to an ode upon the installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor at Cambridge, but this was probably written by his son-in-law, Quillinan. Wordsworth died 23rd April 1850, and, on 19th November, Tennyson was appointed poet laureate in his stead, the warrant being signed by the then Lord Chamberlain, Lord Breadalbane. It had in the first instance been offered to Rogers, who declined it on the ground of age. The transference of the offer to Tennyson was due in part to Prince Albert's admiration of "In Memoriam." Lord John Russell, who was also to some

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

## LAURENCE EUSDEN

*By Jonathan Richardson, Sen.*

**Appointed 1718.**

extent responsible, appealed to Rogers early in October for confirmation by the veteran of the Queen's high opinion of Tennyson, about whose "character and position" the inquisitive Johnny requested special information. The Queen herself is represented as expressing anxiety to maintain the office; first on account of its antiquity, and secondly, as "affording a connection through the Household between Her Majesty and the poets of the country." Tennyson at first wrote a letter declining the post, but after dinner a better spirit supervened, and he gladly accepted the chaplet, "greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base." In March, 1851, he wrote his fine dedication "To the Queen," and among other official or semi-official poems were odes "On the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and "On the Opening of the International Exhibition," the two "Welcomes" to Alexandra and Alexandrovna, the dedication of the "Idylls" to the memory of Prince Albert, and the Epilogue to Queen Victoria. Lastly, in 1887, he wrote the fine Antiphonal hymn, "On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria." He seems to have gradually acquired a fondness for his position as the Queen's "old poet," a position which he invested with dignity for upwards of forty-two years, the longest tenure, by far, upon record. Upon his death on 6th October, 1892, a number of people who ought to have known better, demanded that the office should be abolished. Such a clamour had as much sense in it as a demand to abolish the post of Commander-in-Chief upon the death of the Duke of Wellington; or William IV.'s petulant request that the money destined for his coronation should be diverted from the purpose of a pageant, and go quietly into the civil list. Here was an office with a most interesting history, the traditions of which had been transmitted in direct succession from Ben Jonson and Dryden! A strangely defective sense of historical continuity must those worthy persons have had who would have buried the chaplet along with Tennyson in Westminster Abbey! Instead of raising a tactless clamour for the abolition of the Bays it was obviously the enlightened policy of the minor poet to insist, not only upon the retention of the office, but also upon the resuscitation of its legitimate duties. In this way the laureateship might be made to return a small but secure annuity to a not undeserving body of public servants—the parodists of the period. The laureateship may have had a somewhat undistinguished tail in the persons of such writers as Tate and Eusden, Whitehead and Pye, yet the roll of its members is upon the whole an extremely creditable one, including, even if we omit Spenser, four great poets, six excellent scholars, and, excluding the too convivial Eusden, a round half-dozen of witty companions and good fellows. Bearing in mind the somewhat incongruous fact that the author of "Wat Tyler" had lived to become poet laureate, the dominant feeling in the world of letters in 1892 was probably that Mr. Swinburne

("Aut Swinburne, aut nullus") might have well been selected as successor to Tennyson. Mr. Swinburne's own sentiment upon the matter is said to have taken the form of a conviction that the duties might safely be entrusted to Lord De Tabley. Neither course was taken, however, and it seemed for a time as if the title, as well as the duties of a poet laureate, were to be allowed to fall into abeyance. Anarchy reigned on Parnassus. Anxious spirits there were that deemed the constitution in danger and wrote distractedly to the *Times*. A priest of Delphi had bestowed a branch of bays upon one of the ten candidates, who had buried it in Tennyson's tomb. Strange omen! Still the lyre remained unstrung, and the Crown unsung—in the Tower. For over three years the Lord Chamberlain accumulated the salary of the poet laureate, and Lord Salisbury deliberated maturely. Eventually, on New Year's Day, 1896, a pleasant surprise was sprung upon the public by the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin. Mr. Austin's genuine and intimate love of nature, expressed in one of the most charming of modern idylls, "The Garden that I Love,"—this and a patriotism as uncompromising as that of "Form, Riflemen, Form," and "Hands all Round," have qualified him to be, in two important respects, a worthy continuator of recent tradition. Amidst the good wishes of the multitude of readers, and the carpings of a few somewhat noisy detractors, he carries into a new reign and a new century the traditions of an ancient office which has not a few interesting and many quite unique features.

## MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S CORONATION ODE.*

By A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

IF Mr. Watson's poetry were imitable, or (let me rather say) if the average bard now penning his Coronation Ode were teachable, had any sense to be reached and touched into admiration of measure and temperance, could be abashed by them into chastening his own excesses, then we might be glad that this noble poem is the first of Coronation odes in the field. For it bears about the same relation to those we sit resignedly expecting as a marble statue to a suit of Royal garments stuffed with colonial oats, or as Waterloo Bridge to one of those triumphal arches described in exhibition catalogues as "entirely composed of industrial produce of the Bangalonga District." As it is, the average bard will sit amazed at the opportunities Mr. Watson has missed. Why, he has said nothing of the war, nothing of the peace, nothing of the lion's young cubs, of dusky potentates in bonds of pure affection, of swords leaping at the mother's call, of the command of the sea, Britannia's drum, His Majesty's well-known tact, the brilliant spectacle in the Abbey, or the Spithead review! He has neglected, in short, the whole bag of tricks; offers us—as the Frenchman complained of the fox-chase, "no band, no promenade, no nossing."

Yes, it is lamentable, but true. Here is no upholstery, but a plain, grave, solemn statue. Here is no verbiage of loyalty, but a plain, grave, thoughtful poem; a little contemptuous, perhaps, in its neglect of cheap emotion; its passion not of the valley where men push, and jostle, and blow little trumpets, but of the heights whence they survey and see not space only, but time, and all under a sense of the stars and of fate.

"Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray.
For waters have connived at our designs,
And winds have plotted with us—and behold,
Kingdom in kingdom, sway in oversway,
Dominion fold in fold! . . .
So wide of girth this little cirque of gold,
So great we are, and old,
Proud from the ages are we come, O King;
Proudly, as fits a nation that hath now
So many dawns and sunsets on her brow,
This duteous heart we bring."

So the Ode moves—proudly; not to the modern tune of bounce and rollick, but "high and disposedly," conscious of bringing the only homage worth a king's acceptance—the homage of self-respect. For literature, deriving from the past its sense of what makes history in the present, pays homage to kings, and attends their ceremonials, but remembers at the same time that it has outlasted dead kings, and will outlast living ones. Journalism is all on fire, just now, to astound and occupy the public mind with the visit of certain colonial gentlemen to these shores; but literature has known Marcus Aurelius and Cæsar, Plato and Alexander, and reflects, and compares. It has—if only some cocksure friends of ours would pause and consider—seen more leaders of revolt than Browning's Ogniben (who was exceptionally favoured), and attended the rise and disruption of quite a considerable number of empires. It has seen them—

"decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all;
Or perish of much cumber and array,
The burdening robe of Empire, and its pall;
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;
Or, from insensate height,
With prodigies, with light
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,
Magnificently fall."

And, therefore, its congratulations are touched with a noble pensiveness which the mob of courtiers, not understanding, resents as untimely—as the christening guests in the fairy tale resent the presence of the dark-robed stranger who turns out to be the young Prince's best friend.

I cannot deny that in a world entirely peopled by William Watsons a coronation would be an awful business, to be conducted with bated breath. It is, I think, fortunate on the whole that the cheery critic on the omnibus must be propitiated on these occasions. But it is most fortunate that our nation, never more apparently given over than at this moment to the deadly peril of complacency, should find just now in its chief singer—or, at any rate, in one whose voice, unmistakably inspired, cannot be disregarded—a man of Roman gravity, to enforce the meaning of those signs

* "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII." By William Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

COLLEY CIBBER

*By Vanloo*

Appointed 1730.

which even the populace sees with its eyes, and feels the need of explaining away, however foolishly. Take, for example, the present ill-will towards England, and listen to Mr. Watson's warning:—

"For now the day is unto them that know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch
Of the hour, and overmuch
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and port that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering all
The hates that watch and crawl."

"Let her drink deep of discontent, and sow Abroad the troubling knowledge"—you can no more deny the common-sense of this than the royal language which drapes it. Here is the authentic Muse—*et vera incessu patet dea.* I find but one flaw in the Ode, in the lines upon Henry V.:—

"He, that adventurous name,
Who left at Agincourt the knightly head
Of France and all its charging plumes o'erthrown,
But hath with royal-hearted chivalry
In Shakespeare's conquests merged at last his own."

Here, for a moment, Mr. Watson's sustaining common-sense appears to break down. To say that Henry V. has merged his conquests in Shakespeare's seems to me at least a violence. Why drag in Shakespeare? But to tell us that Henry V. has done so "with royal-hearted chivalry" is to startle us with a sudden and (to me) dumbfounding view of that monarch's posthumous activity. It is, to begin with, a conceit; and worse, it is untrue. Mr. Watson may think this a flat-footed comment; but the fault is surely glaring, and calls for no subtlety to correct it—as I hope it will be corrected, and an Ode made perfect which does honour to the literature of our time.

## THE LITERARY HARVEST OF THE WAR.

By Y. Y.

I AM asked for a general estimate of the late war-literature, of which my knowledge is imperfect and mainly second-hand. It must suffice, then, to offer a few reflections, as modest, calm, and colourless as may be, while all the time underneath is heaving—many a reader will understand me—a threatening Soufrière of rage and despair at the colossal white-man-folly under whose baneful auspices this war was hatched and waged.

The war seems to have produced no one phenomenal, or even remarkable book. "Linesman's" deserved most

regard by reason of certain unusual merits, though most of it was stamped with very usual defects. A few able controversial works, written either to blacken or whitewash the Boers (a nation of most neutral grey) may survive as materials. The war must await its Kinglake. The *Times* is, indeed, bringing out a gigantic work compiled from newspapers and despatches. This will probably prove a convenient treasury of statements which will need resifting, but it will be marred by the mechanical, lifeless impersonality of the Encyclopædia and Gazeteer. Novelists have naturally busied themselves with South Africa—none, it seems, with startling success. The immense supply of ephemeral war literature simply met the demand, which itself was but a natural result of the deplorable spread of so-called education. The unformed or depraved tastes of the million were easily satisfied by a swarm of "eye witnesses," usually young men, most of them special correspondents. A few, like Mr. Churchill, may attract the attention of the curious in a future generation by their personal adventures and the engaging impudence of their omniscient judgments. Still fewer—two or three, I believe, though their names escape me—have taken some pains to review and recast their impressions, and have been reviewed with cool respect. The rest have simply reprinted their barren, verbose, and misleading "letters from the front." It seems as though Fortune has month by month fantastically and maliciously ordered events expressly to prove them asses; which they are not, but only clever young men posing as time-worn wiseacres, and competing for a living in drawing the long bow and in following and exaggerating the worst models. All of them—nor do I tremble to include their arch-pontiff, Mr. Kipling—could do much better if they would. They must know—they do know—that their coarse and repulsive affectations, not only of style but of tone, will be ridiculed by a new generation; perhaps equally blind to new vagaries of its own. To this they may reply "We do know it; blame us not as sinners, but pity us as victims of circumstance and thralls of a reading public, which would punish us by starvation for doing better." We admit the plea and dismiss these ephemera with the remark that the war-fever has probably done much to foster and prolong this aberration of literary taste.

Has, then, this war produced not one single characteristic, individual, original work? Well, it is quite possible that some modest but genuine book not properly advertised and pushed, has escaped the notice of critics and readers, and a century hence may be discovered on a bookstall like Fitzgerald's "Omar," and receive its belated homage. And there remains the private correspondence of our soldiers. On its profound and complicated significance I should have liked to dwell at length. For here you have the genuine, the characteristic, the triumphant literary achievement of the war. Few of the rough campaigners of the Low Countries and the Peninsular could, and fewer ever did write home, yet some of their letters and reminiscences were printed, and here and there a rare copy survives for our delight. But think of our army of a quarter of a million, each one almost to a man a war correspondent, unfettered by censorious editors and subscribers! Some of their letters have been printed—sometimes, no doubt, a little revised—in country papers. First, we must note the very satisfactory standard of literary facility and propriety attained even by privates in the Regulars, who can scarcely have been more than bright pupils in elementary schools. Here is comfort for us grumblers. "Open Thou our lips." The petition has been fulfilled. This class, so costive and reticent, or so limited and conventional, in verbal descriptions, has found a more eloquent voice in the pen. The facility is probably due to the reprobated cheap literature; the simplicity, directness, and justness of statement we must ascribe to the three R's—not to the extra ornamental studies. Further, this new-found voice reveals far more of innate literary instinct and ability than one looked for in Englishmen. Some evidently take pains and pleasure in analysing their thought and presenting it with genuine if unchastened art. As efficient, permanent literature I do not hesitate to rank the best of these letters above the laboured and self-conscious, and, therefore, ephemeral effusions of Steevens and "Linesman"; for direct, luminous, unaffected statement Time cannot stale. Yet higher is their intrinsic value to the moralist and the philosopher. Hitherto a gulf has separated this class from us cultured scribblers—their thoughts were not our thoughts, their ways not ours. So we fancied. And now, lo! these history-makers from the slum or furrow reveal themselves confronting mighty events and the supreme verities with an attitude which we would fain hope to imitate. Further, and this most often in the more boorish and less sophisticated letters, you will sometimes be struck by one of those rarest, most priceless touches—the groan or laughter of the inmost soul, drops of the clarified essence of humanity—which, when borrowed or divined by the great artists, by Shakespeare, by Dante, by Dickens, by Hugo, have startled the world to mirth or tears. With infinite, with impossible labour, a supreme novelist might sift this vast published correspondence to build up some typical soldier-characters, and might record once for all the electric current of old-world romance and intensest latter-day actuality, which for nigh three years linked English hearths to African camp-fires. This may never be; but these "letters from the front" will long be treasured in cottage archives; sooner or later, when time has lent them antiquarian interest, some of the most meritorious series will be printed, and acclaimed.

For the end is not yet. Since the war-fever produced no worthy poetry of its own—not even one song to place beside those to which the great American and German struggles gave birth—the chance is now past. But this war may yet find a monument in some consummate history or politico-philosophical work. And for this curious reason. The perfect military historian must be an eye-witness, and an experienced expert—therefore, a general. But also a scholar, a philosopher, a man of the world of open mind and varied interests. But our—still more the French—generals of to-day are too purely professional, steeped from their youth in the traditions of the regiment and the staff, too loyal to their cause, to the Army, to their comrades.

Now, in this war we have reverted to the obsolete usage under which men already efficient and distinguished in other professions and walks of life—a Cæsar, a Blake, a Marlborough—played a successful part in war. Among the leaders of the Yeomanry and Volunteers are certain men of liberal culture, acknowledged mental gifts, wide experience of affairs in Parliament, the Courts, the County, or the Ex-

XUM

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

**WILLIAM WHITEHEAD**

*After Wilson*

Appointed 1775.

change, with sufficient military knowledge and a late but practical apprenticeship in real war—men, too, of leisure, whom wealth and rank render independent of the critics and the public. To some one of these may we not look for a *magnum opus* which shall give the South African War a foremost place, not only in history but in literature?

So much—or so little—as to the literary product of the war. Much has been clever, much marvellously rapid, much opportune, much useful. But, deeply as our nation was moved, nothing profound, nothing noble, nothing great. And, strangest of all, nothing characteristic, nothing individual, nothing (save the soldier letters and the journalist excesses) different from other war-literatures. How far the war will influence the immediate future of English letters, its effects upon our writers and readers, is a distinct and tempting enquiry which for the present I leave untouched.

## THREE LADY NOVELISTS.*

### MRS. ATHERTON—MISS VAN VORST—MRS. RAWSON.

By James Douglas.

THE achievements of women in fiction are curiously superior to their achievements in other fields of artistic effort. In poetry, drama, philosophy, history, music, painting, and sculpture they have not seriously threatened the supremacy of man. In fiction, and in fiction alone, are they able to brandish names great enough to challenge comparison with all save their greatest male rivals. In no other department of creative energy can they point to genius so incontestable as the genius of Jane Austen, George Eliot, and the Brontës. Neither Mrs. Browning nor Christina Rossetti stands so high in relation to male poets as these women stand in relation to male novelists. If in contemporary fiction women have hardly equalled the exploits of their early Victorian sisters, nevertheless they have done, and are doing, work which both in respect of its quality and its quantity compares creditably with the work of men. What is the explanation? Partly, at least, I think, it is this: the modern woman is first and foremost a critic of life, and fiction enables her to express her criticism of life in a form which is more plastic than any other form of art. The technique of the novel is more easily learned than the technique of any other art. In fact, the novel permits formlessness more formless than any other mode of æsthetic

* "The Conqueror." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Macmillan.)
"Philip Longstreth." By Marie Van Vorst. 6s. (Harpers.)
"Journeyman Love." By Mrs. Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

energy. Now, technique is the great obstacle to the expression of any personal experience. For some inscrutable reason, women seem unable to master technique. Probably the only woman who ever succeeded in mastering the technique of an art was Sappho. Perhaps the secret of this impotence is to be found in the peculiar nervous idiosyncrasy of woman. At any rate, the fact remains. No woman has reached extreme excellence in poetic form, and, indeed, no woman has reached extreme excellence in prose. As it is possible to achieve splendid feats in fiction without compassing perfection of form, the creative energy of women has instinctively concentrated itself in this branch of art.

The modern American woman being undoubtedly in the vanguard of her sex, it is not surprising that she holds a high place in the ranks of women novelists. Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Craigie, and Miss Elizabeth Robins, to name only three names, are in the front rank of contemporary novelists. Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "The Conqueror" (Macmillan), is in many respects worthy of her reputation. It is a bold departure from conventional methods, for it is an attempt to combine the verisimilitude of biography with the verisimilitude of fiction. To those who hold that biography is truth and that fiction is falsehood, this attempt must seem indefensible. But those who believe that fiction is a kind of biography will welcome it as a refreshing innovation. There is no end to the nonsense that is talked about biography, as if it were an exact science. The percentage of truth in biography is smaller than in any other kind of literature. All biographers are liars. Some are good-natured liars, and some are ill-natured liars, but all lie with unblushing effrontery. That being so, is it not better to recognise the fact that biography is fiction, and that the best way of dealing with an interesting life is to make a novel of it?

Mrs. Atherton has triumphantly proved that the biographical novel is fascinating, exciting, and stimulating. Alexander Hamilton is a magnificent human volcano, and one never tires of his eruptions. What a monster of intellectual energy! It is not easy to romanticise the adventures of an intellect, but Mrs. Atherton has overcome the difficulty. The feats of Hamilton's brain she makes as vividly interesting as the feats of D'Artagnan's sword. The centre of excitement is always in Hamilton's mind, not in his environment, not in the vagaries of chance, or the whims of circumstance. It is the battle of masculine brain with brain which takes one's breath away. Is not that a great achievement? And is it not significant that its author is a woman?

The most serious flaw in "The Conqueror" is Mrs. Atherton's partiality for her hero. She falls in love with him, and forthwith gilds his human vices. She extenuates his liaisons and palliates his infidelities. She even invents a theory which hallows his illegitimacy. "Did a woman with no wildness in her blood ever inform a brain with electric fire?" That is loading the dice against virtue with a vengeance. But I am afraid that Mrs. Atherton's moral philosophy is fundamentally unsound. "That immalleable mind lacked the strong fibre of logic and foresight—which is all that moral force amounts to." This is the old cynicism of such vile aphorisms as, "Honesty is the better policy." Mrs. Atherton gets nearer the truth in her pungent epigram, "Man requires woman to look after her own fuel." There are, by the way, fewer epigrams in "The Conqueror" than one expects to find in a novel by Mrs. Atherton. The style is graver, stiffer, and altogether there is less "devil" in it than usual. That is due to the biographical bias, which yearns after pomp rather than piquancy.

If I mistake not, Miss Marie Van Vorst is the most promising of the younger American lady novelists. The early chapters of her first book, "Bagsby's Daughter," were full of fun and vitality, but in "Philip Longstreth" (Harpers) she has made a great stride in characterisation, construction, and general technique. Her style is intensely nervous—too nervous, for the writer who tries to coruscate in every sentence is nearly as fatiguing as the contented bore. But Miss Van Vorst drives her team in splendid style, cracking her whip of wit round their ears along every inch of the road. The struggle between Constance and Amber for Philip is nicely conducted, but at present Miss Van Vorst draws her women better than her men. Philip is rather a priggish hero, and up to the end one doubts the solidity of his passions. But the women, like Buller's men, are splendid. They are etched with manifold feminine malice and minute observation. The pictures of New York society are gaily and brilliantly alive. Here and there one shies at Meredithian tropes of this sort: "A constancy, if not lawful, at least noble, unfurled banners in hot crimson against her cheeks." Why not say plainly that the lady blushed?

"Journeyman Love" (Hutchinson), by Mrs. Stepney Rawson, enables the old country to hold its own against the conquering American. Indeed, of the three novels, I like it best. It is an exquisitely dainty and delicate water colour picture of Parisian artistic society at the time when Heine lay on his "mattress-grave," and Chopin broke his heart over Georges Sand, and Bohemia had not been demolished. Gilbert Hellicar, like Philip Longstreth, oscillates between two charming women, either of whom is too good for him; but while he is oscillating, Mrs. Rawson delights us with a dazzling ballet of manners. Figure after figure is airily blown across the stage, with an adorable swiftness and grace. The book is as fragile and diaphanous as a Fragonard. It is all air and fire, with a faint mist of pathos hanging over the laughter. In fact, it reminds me of Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," at one moment, and of Mr. Henry Harland's rainbow humours at another. Could there be higher praise than that?

# New Books.

## TIBERIUS THE TYRANT.*

This is the work not so much of a historian as of an advocate. The writer seeks to shew that Tiberius was not only, as Mommsen calls him, "the ablest of the Roman emperors," but also a man of admirable and eminent virtue. He pleads with earnestness, eloquence, and ability on behalf of his client; what he says is always interesting, and often suggestive; but in the end the careful reader is convinced rather of the writer's cleverness than of the historical value of his argument.

The *dictum*, indeed, of Mommsen, which Mr. Tarver quotes as authoritative, is not more trustworthy than his well-known criticism of Cicero, or his recent attacks on British policy, and is in obvious opposition to fact. The ablest of the Roman emperors was, beyond question, Augustus. There have, doubtless, been many men more brilliant, but, if he is judged by the magnitude and permanency of his

* "Tiberius the Tyrant." By J. C. Tarver. Pp. 450. 15s. net. (Constable.)

THE
POETS
LAUREATE
OF
ENGLAND.

**THOMAS WARTON**

*After Reynolds*

**Appointed**

**1785.**

work, he stands without a peer in history. When Julius Cæsar fell in 44 B.C., the future emperor was an almost unknown lad of nineteen. Yet, thirteen years later, he had made himself sole master of the western world, and for forty-five years he maintained that position undisturbed. The peace and prosperity which he secured caused him to be regarded during his lifetime as almost a god, while, after his death, it took centuries to overthrow the empire he had established. On the other hand, Tiberius succeeded to the great heritage which had been bequeathed him at the ripe age of fifty-five; he had enjoyed a life-long training in administrative and official work; for ten years he had been the colleague of the emperor, while, as Tacitus remarks, there was scarcely a man of note left "who had seen the republic." Under these favourable circumstances, the utmost that can be claimed for him is that he had the capacity to retain what he had inherited, and, in some respects, to confirm and consolidate that inheritance. But Mr. Tarver thinks differently. "While at the death of Augustus," he tells us, "it was still possible there would be no second emperor, at the death of Tiberius the Roman emperor had become an institution," and, therefore, he infers Tiberius was abler than his predecessor. It is not, it appears, to the man who plans, builds, and for nearly half a century practically tests the machinery of a new and immense empire that the chief credit should be given, but to the man whose superior genius manages to keep it running without a breakdown.

But Mr. Tarver is not content with this paradox. He wishes also to revise history by showing that the personal character of his hero is without stain. Tiberius is the victim of "the deliberate malignity" of the Senate, which sees in him "a traitor to his own caste," and the definite destroyer of its valuable privileges. The hatred of jealous females in the imperial household, especially of Agrippina, circulated lies and scandals about him in his lifetime, and handed them down to posterity in memoirs. From these tainted sources Suetonius has filled "his Newgate Calendar," and Tacitus compiled "the continuous jeremiad" which he calls history. All particular stories which tend to the emperor's discredit can be explained away. If, for instance, his soldiers nicknamed him *Biberius Caldius Mero*, the gibes of "soldiers and schoolboys are not evidence"; if, at his funeral, men cried "Tiberius to the Tiber," it is "the savage howl of a graceless populace"; if Augustus, as he thought of his successor, sighed "Oh! my Roman people, in what slow jaws you will be chewed," it is merely "a piece of good-humoured personal banter suggested by the well-known slowness of speech of Tiberius." When this virtuous man puts away his wife to marry the only child of Augustus, he acts, it seems, "for the good of the state," and, at least, "we do know that, as far as dynastic pretensions were concerned, he was the last person to be influenced by such a consideration." Though on his accession the only surviving descendant of his predecessor was immediately put to death, though a full report on the matter was promised to the Senate, and "though no report was ever made," yet, "whoever was responsible for his death, Tiberius certainly was not," and only "the perverse inconsistency of a Roman historian" can attribute such a crime to the man who had publicly expressed his reluctance to assume the purple. When he withdrew to Capreæ, never during eleven years to be seen again by his subjects, it was with companions "to share his retirement" such as "a man with literary and scientific tastes would naturally select," and it was "a physical impossibility" that he should have indulged in the vices which calumny attributes to him. If, in his absence, things went badly at Rome, it was only because the old man had perfect, though possibly misplaced, confidence in Sejanus, who was "a capable administrator, whose activity and efficiency were in striking contrast to

senatorial incapacity"; and, when he finally wrote the famous letter in which, after an interminable preamble, he ended by hinting to the Senate that the "capable administrator" should be taken into custody, the outbreak of fury which followed was a surprise and shock to him. "He was given no time for repentance or consideration; the fallen favourite was judged and executed; his two children . . . were executed; his friends . . . . were assassinated; . . . . there was a veritable reign of terror in Rome, whose horrors the emperor, in his distant retirement, was powerless to check."

It is impossible to call such special pleading history, and, though the student will find much that is attractive in this vivacious volume, yet it will be with satisfaction that he will turn from it to read again the much more full, clear, and exact account of Tiberius which is given by Merivale. To the facts which have been accumulated by that learned writer Mr. Tarver adds little, if anything, that is new, while in his treatment of them he certainly lacks the temperate and judicial spirit of his predecessor. His work is one which will interest and amuse for a time, but scarcely find a permanent place among contributions to sober history.

T. E. PAGE.

## AN AMAZING HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

When Prof. Ten Brink's "English Literature" appeared in an English guise some ten years ago it received no warmer welcome in this country than in the pages of THE BOOKMAN. Since 1892 the advances made in the study of English literature in Germany, in Holland, in Scandinavia, and, above all, in France, have been relatively greater than those in England itself. Praise of the monographs of Brandes, Wuelcker, Beljame, and Angellier, has been almost universal. The work of Prof. Engel, of Berlin, though it has reached a fourth edition in Germany, has not been so well known in this country. Considerable interest was aroused, therefore, when the present translation was announced, at the hands of a board of revisors and translators, whose "combined labours," under the superintendence of Mr. Hamley Bent, are referred to in a prefatorial note. The omens seemed with one accord propitious to the production of a really important contribution to literary history—a department in which our country, though far from rich, owes much already to the labours of Ten Brink, Lowell, Jusserand, and Taine.

We commenced upon Prof. Engel's History in a mood of sanguine, if not exalted, anticipation; and we are free to admit that seldom have high hopes been more signally disappointed or reasonable expectations more utterly confounded. If such a work had emanated from Patagonia or Paraguay, where English books are presumably scarce, and interest in the subject needs to be stimulated rather than regulated and controlled, we should have regarded it with the respect due to every genuine curiosity; but it is indeed amazing to receive such a book from Berlin, and serves to confirm one's worst suspicions as to the lack of artistic sensitiveness in the modern German mind. The execrable nature of the English of the present translation tends to increase the speculative interest, which has been aroused in many quarters, by a publication so extraordinary.

The work is divided into seven books. The faults of the first three books are mainly confined to misstatements of fact, but in the second half of the work the writer's judgments are even more distorted than his facts. The section devoted to Shakespeare is in many respects the best in the book, the extensively German origin of the material used lending a certain freshness to the manipulation; but the whole is vitiated to a large extent by the conception of Shakespeare as a sort of demi-god of celestial origin rather than as an Elizabethan Englishman, the disciple of Marlowe, and the master of Fletcher. But there is nothing even in this to prepare us for the utter silliness of Professor Engel's later estimates. He represents Pope as a kind of Chinese dwarf; Johnson is described as "one of those genuinely philological critics who occupy their lifetime mechanically with literature and *literati* without having a suspicion of the nature of true poetry." Gray is, similarly, "a linguist, who never wrote a line which the mildest critic could claim for real poetry." A quotation from the "Elegy" is printed as if it were in eight-line stanza, and we are told that there are thirty more of the same character. Boswell is described as a microscopist, and inferior in that to Eckermann, just as Sterne, whose great merit is his "chatty style," is inferior to Jean Paul Richter. Here is an example of the Engelean conundrum: What distinguishes the "lakers" (as the English call them) from Byron and his comrades? That which distinguishes poetry from prose: passion. Why do the English critics laud Wordsworth to the skies at the expense of all the other poets of the nineteenth century? Because they say to themselves, If this be true poetry, we, too, may be numbered among the poets at last. This tendency appears chiefly in the writings of Matthew Arnold, "a poet below mediocrity and a narrow-minded critic, who is one of the most enthusiastic of Wordsworth's recent adherents";—so much for Matthew Arnold! Charles Lamb is mentioned once in this volume of 500 pages as the author of a *Life* of Barry Cornwall! (p. 420); Hazlitt escapes notice altogether. Even more contemptible is Bob Southey in his anxiety lest his name should perish in the dust. Byron's "Vision of Judgment" "will long proclaim to posterity" that there "was once a tasteless renegade and Court bard named Southey." The portrait of Tennyson given by Professor Engel is not without interest, as showing the persistence of Taine's influence. Tennyson is as free from hatred as a dove, he is idyllic, pretty, gentle, melodious, refined, little and ladylike, occasionally very lovely, but sometimes "stiff and prosaic," as in the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." But Professor Engel is seen at his best in the delineation of England's lady novelists. Maria Edgeworth wrote for ladies, without any high artistic aim. Jane Austen is more artistic; she wrote five "moderate-sized novels," but she is "wanting in love for her men and women; the whole is tinged with that sour disposition with which we are acquainted in so many novels by unmarried middle-aged female authors; their own inward discontent often produces a sort of ironical pride and malignant joy, an old maidish wish to expose the ridiculous points and petty miseries of men." "When George Eliot introduces silly and commonplace people in a gossiping way, the school of her predecessor, Jane Austen, is recognised immediately. All English authoresses appear to be tarred with the same brush. We are pleased, however, to recognise in "Jane Eyre" "a decided step beyond the shrivelled, old-maidish coyness of Jane Austen." We are glad in England to be told which *are* the best of Scott's novels. First comes—"The Monastery"! Charles Reade "is an imitator of Scott's, but has a pleasant narrative style of his own." "Incomparably" the best novel by G. P. R. James is "Darnley"; but Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" is specially "valuable for the historian of culture." The climax of absurdity is reached in the section devoted to the English Press. The *Athenæum* is here described as the Liberal counterpoise of the *Saturday Review*, while the more learned *Academy* occupies a position between the two. Of literary societies the most important, we are told, are the Athenæum, the Author's Club, the Society of Authors, and the Savage Club. With one more Hoch! for the revisory board upon this happy conclusion to their "combined labours," let us add our feeble breath to waft this Prussian Sainte-Beuve from our unworthy shores.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "A History of English Literature." By E. Engel. Translated from the German. Revised by Hamley Bent, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

## JOHN BROWN THE LIBERATOR.*

Several persons have essayed to write the history of John Brown's life, with more or less success. His fellow-worker and devoted admirer, Mr. James Redpath, supplied the first consecutive account of his career a few months after his execution. The book, hastily written as it was, is not altogether free from inaccuracy in details, and it does not pretend to be an unbiassed estimate of the man. Notwithstanding this, it serves to reveal the character of John Brown in a way which subsequent more careful studies have confirmed and justified. It is superior to the more elaborate and authoritative memoir by Mr. F. B. Sanborn which appeared a quarter of a century later, in this one respect, that it is interesting! As a storehouse of material Mr.

* "Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry." By John Newton. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

HENRY JAMES PYE

*By Drummond*

Appointed 1790.

Sanborn's book is invaluable, but it is ill-arranged (if in strict accuracy it can be said to be arranged at all), and, as a consequence, it is heavy reading. It falls far short of an ideal biography, especially of one so essentially a man of action, with a career so dramatic, as John Brown. Mr. Sanborn tells pretty nearly all that needs to be told about John Brown, but Mr. Redpath, whatever his shortcomings, has given us more of John Brown himself.

In this new biography, Mr. John Newton has been able, by the aid, as he freely acknowledges, of Mr. Sanborn and others, to avoid the inevitable errors of Mr. Redpath, and, by virtue of his own sympathetic understanding of his subject, and his ability to give expression to it, has escaped the deadly dullness of Mr. Sanborn's effort. Undoubtedly, Mr. Sanborn's book is what Mr. Newton terms "the final and authoritative life from the point of view of an intimate personal study," and it will remain so. But Mr. Newton's book supplies what it does not, an accurate narrative well-arranged, producing a vivid and life-like portrait of "the liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia."

John Brown was a man of one idea,—one great idea. These men of one idea, if their idea be noble, how strong they are! John Brown's idea was that justice must be done though the heavens fall: that doing justice is a divine service, while the upholding of the heavens may or may not be so. His idea was inborn; a necessary first principle of his character; and it manifested itself in every occupation that engaged him. For instance, when he was scarcely sixteen years of age, it asserted itself in relation to his younger brother who was then at school with him at the academy of a certain Mr. Vaill. One day the master condoned some fault of the younger boy, whereupon John went to him and protested. "If my brother had done this thing at home," he said, "my father would have punished him. I know he would expect you to punish him now, and, if you don't, I will,"—which he did. The same spirit of justice ruled his business dealings. As a business man he was tolerably astute, but the notion of taking any undue advantage seems never to have so much as occurred to him. For some time he was a wool grower, with a considerable reputation for his ability in producing certain fine grades of wool; but, perhaps because his interests were not centred on trade or because he was too scrupulous in his dealings, he was not successful. Certain it is, he was regarded by those who had dealings with him as an upright man. Misfortunes in business, however, did not weigh him down, for, as Mr. Newton remarks, he "never accepted the ordinary man's estimate of money and wordly prosperity. He was much more concerned to put wrong things right, as far as he was able, than to make money" (p. 34). What did trouble him in such a connection was the loss his failure might cause to others. After suffering bankruptcy in 1842 he voluntarily undertook to pay all his creditors "from time to time as Divine Providence shall enable me to do." In this resolution he persevered until his death, and made provision in his will for the same purpose. Again, Brown's sense of justice in another aspect is visible in his training of his children. The story of his debit and credit account with his son John, first told by his son himself, has been repeated pretty often. His adoption therein of the principle of vicarious atonement finds a parallel in Alcott's method. In both instances the offenders experienced much keener anguish in inflicting blows than in receiving them. Evidently, both in the case of his brother and of his son, Brown held firmly to the idea that every wrong must be paid for by someone; and the issue showed that, either directly or indirectly, it was the offender himself who paid.

Whether in the case of his brother, whom he thrashed because the schoolmaster refused to do so, Brown was warranted in constituting himself the minister of justice, may or

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

**ROBERT SOUTHEY**

*By Edridge*

**Appointed 1813.**

may not be admitted; but certain it is that, in the larger issue of emancipation, this was precisely the position he took. From the time he became interested in the cause of the slaves, he seems never to have doubted that he was divinely appointed to be their liberator. The idea began to take shape when he was only twelve years old. Being on a visit to a slave-owner, he was struck by the contrast in the treatment accorded to him and to a slave boy of his own age, who seemed to him to be fully if not more than his equal. This, as he said, brought him to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children. How the idea grew and strengthened is told well by Mr. Newton. So early as 1837 Brown formed his plans for liberating the slaves by force, and thenceforward all his business arrangements were made in such a way that he would be ready at any moment to answer "the call of the Lord." His first clear summons was to Kansas, where, in 1855, a desperate struggle was going on between the slave power and the "free-soilers" for the possession of the newly created state. Brown was, of course, on the side of the "free-soilers," but their methods did not appeal to him. He cared little for assemblies and conventions. He was nothing if not a man of action, and if he saw a thing had to be done he proceeded to do it himself. His methods in Kansas struck terror into the ruffians who were employed by the slave power, and in the end he triumphed. But this was a task by the way. The great work which he felt he was appointed to accomplish was yet before him. On the 19th of October, 1859, with nineteen men, he made war on the United States. His design was to gather forces in the mountains of Virginia, and so harass the slave-owners that slave property would become valueless. Perhaps he might have succeeded if, in his preliminary attack at Harper's Ferry, he had not been captured by his foes. They hung him on the 2nd of December, 1859, and by reason of his capture and hanging his purpose was gained in a swifter and more terrible fashion than he had contemplated. Garrison and others declared his action to be "untimely," but it would seem that, after all, they were wrong and he was right. Firm in the integrity of his purpose, he attempted what judicious persons perceived clearly was an impossibility, and he accomplished it, if not precisely on the lines he had laid down, yet not less surely. The Federal soldiers, when they made his name their battle-cry, understood this. The inscription on his monument at Ossawattomie declares truly that he "died and conquered American slavery at Charlestown, Va., 2nd December, 1859." WALTER LEWIN.

## CONTENTIO VERITATIS.*

Since the publication of "Essays and Reviews" such volumes as the present have frequently appeared. They are useful as indicating the attitude assumed towards the Christian faith by certain parties in the Church who are likely to influence intelligent minds. The Six Oxford Tutors disclaim, indeed, any desire that "these Essays should be regarded as a party manifesto." They represent what a past generation knew as "the Broad Church," but they justly claim that liberal ideas are no longer the badge of a small group of prominent men, but are found in combination with what is permanently valuable in the teaching of other schools. The writers are men who have already earned an attentive hearing—Dr. Rashdall, Mr. Inge, Mr. Wild, Mr. Burney, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Carlyle. They write in that quiet, limpid, cultured style which seems impossible to German theologians, and they hold fast by the Incarnation with a decision wholly unknown among the liberal critics of the Continent. Mr. Inge writes two of the Essays, and may be taken as representative of the common attitude of the

* "Contentio Veritatis. Essays in Constructive Theology by Six Oxford Tutors." 12s. net. (John Murray.)

THE
POETS
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*By R. Carruthers*

Appointed
1843.

writers, an attitude which will most readily be apprehended, if we say that critically it resembles that of Professor Percy Gardner, while theologically it is orthodox. The critical attitude is characterised by an undervaluing of history—"the whole of history is beyond all question honeycombed with false statements which must go for ever uncorrected. . . . It is therefore barely honest to assert, as some have done, that, on the historical evidence only, either the discourses of Christ, or His miracles, or His resurrection on the third day after His crucifixion are absolutely certain." It is spiritual experience which really forms the basis of belief. "So long as men are convinced that a spiritual revelation, the truth of which is certain to them, must have, as its inseparable concomitant, certain events in the visible order, they are justified in stating positively that those events actually occurred. They usually appeal to external historical evidence in support of their beliefs; but it is quite certain that the historical evidence is not the ground of their conviction." Thus, we know that Christ is risen, because we are risen with Him. This is both true and false. Until we are ourselves risen with Christ we cannot have a perfect faith in His resurrection; but unless we have some faith in His resurrection, can we rise with Him out of our sin?

The fact seems to be that spiritual experience and historical evidence are the two halves of the arch, neither of which can stand or bear any weight without the other. And while some expressions used by Mr. Inge seem to undervalue the one-half, perhaps after all he is the true *pontifex*, and gives us the right adjustment and balance. Belief in the Incarnation, without which, in his opinion, the Christian religion is reduced to a mere ethical system, is based partly on the Gospel record of the self-revelation of Jesus, partly on the normal Christian experience. "Unquestionably an intense conviction of the fact of an Incarnation in the person of Jesus has been for nearly two thousand years a normal result or concomitant of earnest personal religion." He does not expect that this will carry conviction to everyone, for "intuitions are not transferable"; but that it does mightily reinforce the evidence of the Gospels there can be no doubt.

We have not space to give Mr. Inge's argument at length, still less to indicate the contents of the other papers, all of which are eminently worthy of a place in the volume. Mr. Carlyle's paper on the Church and Mr. Allen's on Modern Criticism and the New Testament are full of freshness and light. It must, however, suffice to emphasise in the strongest terms the value of a book which points the way in which intelligent Christian faith must follow. In its candour and capacity to recognise precisely how far the evidence carries, in its breadth of view and perception of the conditions of a spiritual religion, in the firmness of its hold upon essential Christian truth and fact, this volume seems to us one of the most important and valuable of those published in recent years. It will help to clear the air and let men see where reasonable Christians stand, and how they manage to stand where they do.

MARCUS DODS.

## GORKY AND HIS ETHICS.*

There is a picturesqueness in the forcible effort Dr. Dillon makes to bridge the chasm fixed between the young Russian writer, Gorky, and the British public. There are, in fact, two methods by which such a book as Dr. Dillon's may be written—the first method, so to speak, is by transplanting the English reader on to Russian soil, bidding him lay aside his prejudices, and understand how such and such literature is a product of Russian life, and a natural outcome; the second method is to summon Gorky to the bar of "civilised middle-class opinion," and to enquire rigorously into his social and

* "Maxim Gorky: His Life and Writings." By E. J. Dillon. 6s. (Isbister and Co.)

ethical views, assuring him that while "Society accepts the fruit of his genius, Society cannot sanction any grave divagations from the paths of——" etc., etc. Dr. Dillon in his very interesting study does not seem quite to have made up his mind as to how far the English literary sightseer is prepared to go, morally, and he accordingly puts into his hand a telescope fitted with a somewhat powerful lens, by which Gorky's work is ranged, so to say, both ethically and journalistically, and brought right up against the beholder's eye with somewhat startling effect:—

"It was a real *tour de force* thus to throw the glamour of poetry on the loathsomeness of latter-day lepers. To paint the idylls of squalid beggars and hardened criminals, from whom almost every trace of the human spirit has seemingly vanished, and to allow them to gather a certain quality of nobility from the background of the vast steppe, the boundless ocean, was an undertaking worthy of a poet; and had he thus broken through our brutal classification of men, and widened the range of human sympathy by purely artistic methods, the praise lavished upon his achievement would have been well deserved. But instead of approaching Art in the humble spirit of self-surrender, and helping others to a pleasurable apprehension of life by presenting it as it appeared—not, indeed, to the will which feels attracted or repelled, but to the passionless æsthetic sense—Gorky deliberately strove to touch his readers' sensibilities on behalf not only of his wayward men and women, but also of their subversive principles."—Page 320.

"He insists on our completely blotting out the boundary-line that divides right and wrong, and agreeing to eschew any such casuistic distinction. Each of his Over-Tramps is, by virtue of his inborn strength, physical and psychical, a law unto himself, repealing every code of restrictions, human and divine. And lest the indifferent exercise of this privilege should accidentally give the Ten Commandments a chance, he directly challenges our admiration for every character, and almost every act by which moral law is held up to scorn."—Page 351.

These two passages are typical of a great many others in Dr. Dillon's book, typical of its strength and of its weakness as criticism. Thus with Dr. Dillon, the old man, Silan, in "On a Raft," is "the *apostle* of brute force"; in the story "Chelkash," the hero, Chelkash, "to the unbiassed reader is a wolf embodied in human shape with some qualities of the lion added to his new incarnation"; and generally Gorky "simply gathers together criminals hiding from the police, victims of disease, slaves of alcohol, and fanatic freedom-worshippers, asks us to regard them as a class, and to *bestow upon them our sympathies*" (p. 176). But in other passages Dr. Dillon bears witness to Gorky's "tone of dignified feeling and that touch of Christian selflessness which make for social health and happiness, and constitute the salt of civilisation" (p. 381); and in surprise at what he conceives is Gorky's two-fold system of ethics, diametrically at variance, our author finally says, "during those moments of true inspiration all living creatures and inorganic nature appear to him as a finely woven network of kindred forces pervaded by a single all-embracing soul; class distinctions, 'fist rights,' stomach worship, hatred, and all the other odious elements of *his artificial system of social ethics* losing themselves in the golden cloud that frames his vision. . . . Can it be that the cynical tramp and the humane artist are indeed one and the same?" (p. 380).

Now this attempt of Dr. Dillon's to divide Gorky into two men, one the preacher of "brute force," and the other, "the humane artist," though characteristic of English critics in general, is extremely puzzling to us. It does not, obviously, spring from any lack of knowledge of Russian life, for in his chapter on "Russian Tramps" Dr. Dillon shows an intimate understanding of the conditions of life which have environed Gorky and most of the lower-class characters he paints. It rather springs, we fancy, from that instinctive inborn desire of the English nature to extract a *moral lesson* from any picture of life brought vividly before it, that very curious and imperious craving of the Englishman's soul for *human nature* to be corrected and brought to moral book by the artist whenever he sets himself to watch life. We are not here concerned with the efforts of certain Russian critics to read into Gorky's writings a system of Nietzscheian philosophy, but we will simply say that any such attempt seems to us to be built upon a fundamental misunderstanding as to how an artist's mind such as Gorky's forms its conceptions, and gives them creative being. Gorky's talent is founded on *sympathy*. In contact, most of his life, with men of the submerged class, roving, starving, tramping, pilfering, fighting, men rarely leading a normal healthy life, but habitually despised, jailed, sweated, outlawed, ostracised by their fellows, the only course possible to an artist so subjective as Gorky was to mirror as sympathetically as possible these outcasts' *world*, its atmosphere, mental, moral, and physical, to study the *nature* of these men, and to show incidentally how inevitably their code of ethics, "brute force" or the like, is suited to the general hard environment. In doing this it is no more Gorky's business to introduce other moral codes, or other class ideas, into his pictures of life than it was the business of the author of "The Gaberlunzie Man" to correct his hero's morals. A greater artist than Gorky might be able to produce a larger canvas, and to show us the exact relation of the Russian vagrants' world to that of "organised Society" around them. This, however, it was not in Gorky's power to do, and we must protest against such judgments as—"Gorky deliberately strove to touch his reader's sensibilities on behalf not only of his wayward men and women, but also of their subversive principles." Gorky repeatedly shows that in his pity, tenderness, loving sympathy, pardon for others' sins, lies the secret of his power by which he excites our disgust of brutality and baseness. But this the English reader seemingly can not be got to understand; he thinks "how brutal this picture of life is!" and instead of giving the artist credit for making him feel indignant, he naïvely turns away his unsealed eyes, exclaiming, "Oh, why, why do you bring us back to a sense of this 'nauseous reality'!" In his pictures of the most brutal types of men we find always in Gorky's stories this *secret* humanitarianism of the author almost invariably giving us the point of view by which we may both understand and assess the ethics of his desperate and hardened outcasts. It is there most strongly in "Emelyan Pilyai"; it is the whole inner meaning of "My Fellow Traveller"; it is the secret force of "Konovaloff," "The Procession of Shame," of "Zazubrina," "Out of Boredom," "Boless," "Once in Autumn," "Comrades," "Twenty-six Men and a Girl," "The Orloff Couple," and "Malva," and if in works such as "The Sharper," "On a Raft," "Foma Gordyeeff," "Vaska the Red," "The Outcasts," "On the Steppe," "Chelkash," the strength and audacity, the superior cunning and self-reliance of primitive or reckless or criminal types of men is appreciatively dwelt on, it is the artist's privilege to enjoy and enter into the *nature* of those characters which have struck him most. As well say that Thackeray preached the "ethics" of Becky Sharp to his readers as that Gorky preaches the "ethics" of Chelkash to us. All that Gorky does is to point out that Chelkash's morals are no worse than those of tens of thousands of highly respectable, sharp fellow-citizens, and that he has his own virtues and his code of honour even as have the stockbroker and the lawyer. It is perfectly true that Gorky's sympathies go out to the vagrant rather than to the peasant or the official, but he has aimed chiefly at interpreting life through the vagrant's eyes. In conclusion, we may add that it is only natural that the sudden introduction and exhibition of the code and social outlook of an ostracised class of men should lead to confusion in the middle-class mind. The Russian critics are notoriously fond of taking every new artist's sketches of life and making social or political propaganda out of them. But when English critics insist on viewing the artists as propagandists, they carry the "ethics" of criticism a little far. Gorky, like most Russian artists, has a great love for strong individuals—because they are badly wanted in Russia. That is the long and short of his "propaganda." EDWARD GARNETT.

## THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.*

The last volume of this monumental edition of Huxley's scientific papers is now before the public, including those memoirs and scientific essays which were published after 1874. In some respects the contents are of more popular interest than those of the preceding volumes, as during this later period of his life the great biologist was occupied with generalisation rather than with research. Of the thirty-eight papers herein included, twelve are the records of personal investigation, and eighteen are lectures, addresses, or magazine articles. Some of the latter are excellent examples of his simple and vigorous style, illustrating his marvellous power of clear exposition. The Dublin address on Anthro-

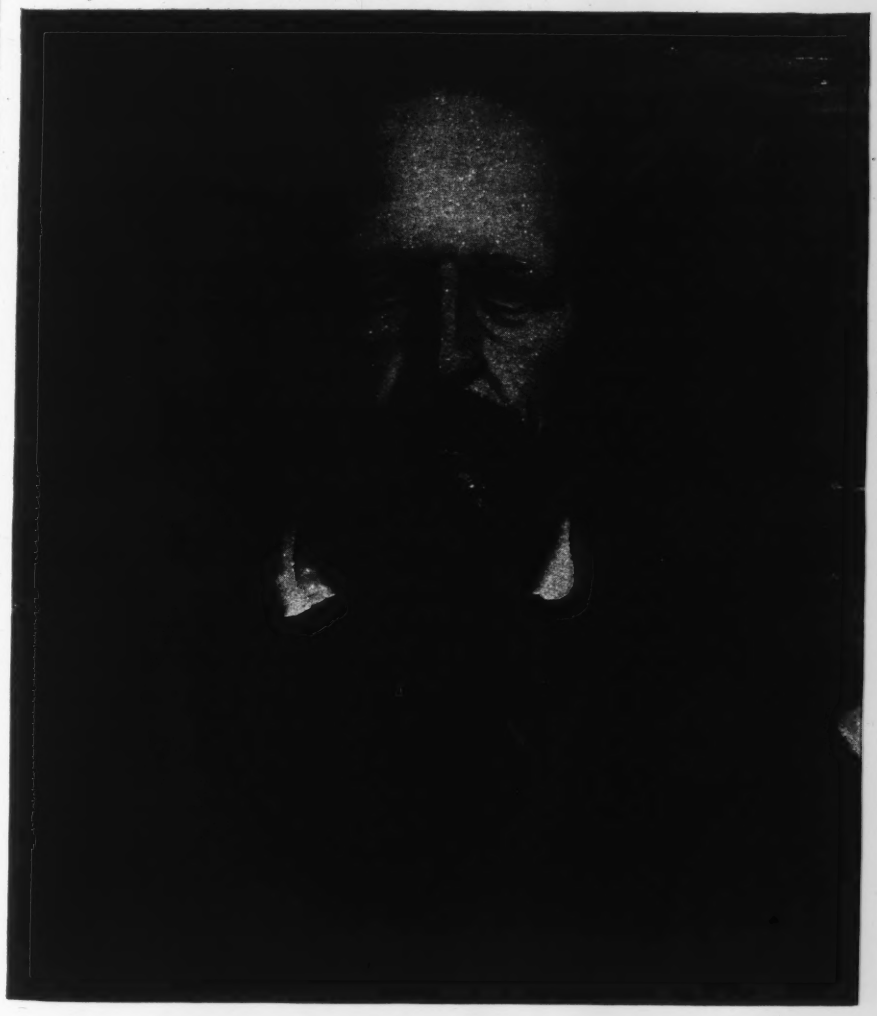
* "The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley." Edited by Sir Michael Foster and E. Ray Lankester. Vol. IV. 30s. (London: Macmillan.)

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

**ALFRED LORD TENNYSON**

*By G. F. Watts, R.A.*

**Appointed 1850.**



pology and the Royal Institute lecture on the "Coming of Age of the Origin of Species" may be specially selected as exceptionally good in these respects.

Of all the papers here included none will be read with deeper interest than the last, which is his review of the scientific work of Professor Owen. It must have been a difficult article to write, considering the polemical relations that so long existed between them, and more than half of it is taken up with a review of the history of anatomical science down to 1830, when Owen began to publish his researches. The object of this prologue seems to be the demonstration that Owen was the product of his time and surroundings. The list of the great monographs issued by him from 1831 onwards constitutes, as Huxley admits, a splendid record, enough to justify the high place in the scientific world which Owen occupied. But while giving him full credit as an investigator, he as fully refuses to admit his claims to be a philosophic anatomist of any originality. It is certainly true that Owen was deeply imbued with the transcendentalism of the "Naturphilosophie" of Oken, and in the eyes of Huxley he committed the unpardonable sin of regarding the animal form as "planned by a Divine mind who foreknew all its modifications." Owen was, like many another Celtic naturalist, inclined to mysticism, when he turned aside from the more purely descriptive side of his work; and he was too old, when the new light of the evolution philosophy began to illuminate anatomical research, to undergo much change of standpoint. It is difficult to make a comparative estimate of the merits of two men who have developed in such different environments. Owen's training was one of laborious personal research, his philosophical atmosphere that of the teachings of Goethe, Oken, and St. Hilaire, and his age was one to which the methods and conclusions of embryology were practically unknown; Huxley, coming after him, reaped the benefit of the labours of Owen, Müller, Von Bär, and Rathke, and, above all, of Darwin, and his philosophical position was largely moulded on that of Hume.

Of the two Huxley owed more and Owen less to the labours of their contemporaries, and the latter fell far short of his younger antagonist in his power of assimilating the work of others, and of perceiving the bearings of detailed research on biological theory. He also lacked that peculiar charm of virile directness in his literary style which gives to Huxley an almost unique position among scientific writers.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE, DAUPHINE.*

I have not transcribed the full title of these fascinating and even important volumes, because it is needlessly inaccurate. The letters of M. de Mercy-Argenteau were addressed to his Sovereign, Maria Theresa—such is her name in all English works of reference—and she was not "Empress of Austria," but Roman Empress, Queen of Hungary, and so forth. To insist on these points, in a time like ours of confused and hasty reading, is not pedantry, but a protest against the barbarism from which popular literature has suffered so much, and will, I am afraid, suffer more. To talk of the Austrian Empire in the eighteenth century is to misconstrue the whole European system. One could wish, also, that the story of Marie Antoinette's early years had been compressed into a single volume. It would have gained in clearness, vivacity, and power. The entire correspondence, already known to students, is not here reproduced; and, if selections must have been made, a strong historical *précis* would have brought out their meaning, which now we are driven to gather for ourselves. In short, that which might have be-

* "The Guardian of Marie Antoinette: Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau," etc. By Lillian C. Smythe. Two Volumes. Illustrated. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

come a permanent addition to English writings on the Revolution of '89 and its origin appears as a library-book of the season, to be glanced at, admired, and forgotten.

As documents, however, in the great process, these letters claim an authority of their own, which is enhanced by the illustrations, now first published, from the family treasures of Madame la Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau. Marie Antoinette as a girl; the much-flattered but still significant portrait of Louis XVI.; those of Louis XV., Maria Theresa, and the Emperor Joseph, all cast a vivid illumination on the events to which these actors contributed, for the most part unconsciously, though prophets were not wanting, like the Ambassador himself, to warn them that a catastrophe was at hand. His correspondence includes some ten years, from 1770 to 1780, and records as in a day-book the small particulars of life at Versailles, the training of Marie Antoinette for her position as Queen, her wayward habits, faults, trials, ambitions; and her development from an ill-educated and not very pretty German girl to a proud, unconventional, gay, and perfectly charming lady, who aspired to govern France as she had subdued her dull husband, by force of self-will. This, we cannot but feel convinced, was the true Marie Antoinette, whom her malignant brothers-in-law slandered and the people were taught to call Messalina. At the stage described by her guardian, she was neither saint nor heroine; but she might be pardoned if in a Court so horribly dissolute and so ineffably wearisome she fell into trivial ways, broke through its ridiculous etiquette, and did nothing worse than gamble or play at pastorals in the Little Trianon. The character of her Dauphin is tragic in its imbecility, all the more that as we come to know him well we recognise certain good-natured instincts and a kind of wish to do right in one who was probably the least fitted of French rulers to cope with revolution. I am not sure that any other book extant in English makes all this so evident, so palpable, as the volumes we are considering; for one may remark that Carlyle himself leaves the portraits of King and Queen unfinished or sketchy, and passes no judgment on Marie Antoinette. Louis XV. we have known this long while; but every touch is a real addition and instructive. Into this ripening story of doom the light-winged butterfly, Madame du Barry, comes fluttering with gauzy pennons; her wheelings and shimmerings round the indignant young Dauphine, with endless prayers for a word or a smile, make us curl the lip, until we catch sight of the resemblance between this moth-like creature, dabbled at last in blood, and King Lear's poor Fool; then the fantastic, lugubrious character of the whole company breaks upon us, and we seem to understand why it must hurry on to the place well-named of Louis Quinze, and not so well of Concord, which was its final destination. In telling this tale, the author will never allow us to forget that France was all along in the throes of famine; that luxury and squalor walked hand in hand; that the civilisation which thought itself so refined was unutterably coarse; and that its superficial cleverness hardly concealed an ignorance of which royal persons were at once the dupes and the victims. To the worst features of the time English reticence (or hypocrisy, as M. Hector Malot would assure us) forbids more than a veiled allusion. From its vices the young Dauphine kept herself haughtily free; but as a Queen she was fated to expiate with her life the disdain which she felt for the decadent House of Bourbon and the Byzantinism of Versailles. Her real executioners were the fribbles who became successively Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and who made monarchy in France for ever impossible.

WILLIAM BARRY.

## DANTE AND THE DIVINE COMEDY.*

Mr. Wright's little book consists of eight dissertations, varying in length from one page to thirty, on matters connected with the "Commedia" and the "Vita Nuova" of Dante. They bear witness to a praiseworthy study of those works, but can hardly be said to carry the elucidation of them much further than had been done before Mr. Wright's studies began. There is indeed (with one possible exception, to which we will refer presently) nothing in it that has not often been said before; though it may be owned that Mr. Wright puts the old observations in clear and readable form. He has not always read his author with sufficient care. When he makes a difficulty over the usual interpretation of the three steps leading up to the gate of Purgatory, as denoting the sacrament of penance, or, rather, the frame of mind which must precede it, on the ground that "it seems quite out of analogy with the rest of the *Purgatorio*, in which there is an entire absence of the sacerdotal element" (meaning, we presume, the ecclesiastical, for of course there could be no place in the next world for the priest), he has forgotten that the whole of that division of the poem, and, for that matter, of the next as well, teems with allusions to the services of the Church. There is no question of any absolving power in the angel; indeed, absolution does not come till the whole purgatorial region has been traversed. So, again, to say of the saints in Paradise that "their fellowship is not with one another," is to ignore such passages as Purg. xv. 55-7 and Par. v. 105. Two short historical sketches, headed "Benevento" and "Florence," show, on the whole, a good comprehension of the period; but the battle to which the former relates had hardly all the importance here assigned to it. Manfred was in no sense the champion of the Empire, nor did his defeat make the Empire "an anachronism, and its restoration an impossibility." If he had won, Naples would again have had a Norman-Italian king, who might or might not, probably not, have been a loyal supporter of either of the actual competitors for the imperial crown, or of anyone else whom the electors might nominate. From this point of view, Tagliacozzo was far more of a "landmark in European history." If Conradin had got the upper hand there, in all probability he would have received the adhesion of the Spanish claimant, whose brother did his best for him as it was; the Englishman was not likely to offer any opposition; and the Hohenstaufen dynasty might have had a new lease of power.

The one novelty which, as indicated above, Mr. Wright introduces to his readers, is a suggestion as to the *motif* (*sic*) of the "Commedia." This he takes to be "the story of man's deliverance from the fear of death"; and on this hypothesis he thinks that the opening cantos especially become easier of comprehension. Most readers who know the poem thoroughly will find this key somewhat inadequate to open many of its close places. That Dante had the idea of death vividly in his mind cannot be doubted. It is "the hard passage which is drawing me towards it." Life is "a race to death"; and so on. But to suppose that to him, or to any man of his age, the fear of death was a constantly abiding terror, seems to us to show an entire misjudgment of the mediæval mind. The important matter was what came after death; and whatever leanings Dante may at one time have had towards the doctrine of the eternal pre-existence of matter, he assuredly never questioned the immortality of the soul. Though it is not correct to say, as Mr. Wright does, that "he betrays no specially marked self-consciousness when passing through those circles where" the sins of the flesh and some others "are punished or purged away," or that "conscience does not reproach him" (what about his words to Forese?), it is true that, in presence of the punishment borne by "Epicurus and all his followers, who make the soul perish with the body," his withers are unwrung.

A list of eminent ladies, mostly of the thirteenth century, who bore the name of Beatrice, sets one wondering what may have been the reason for its popularity in the aristocratic circles, to which it seems to have been confined, at any rate till towards the end of the period.

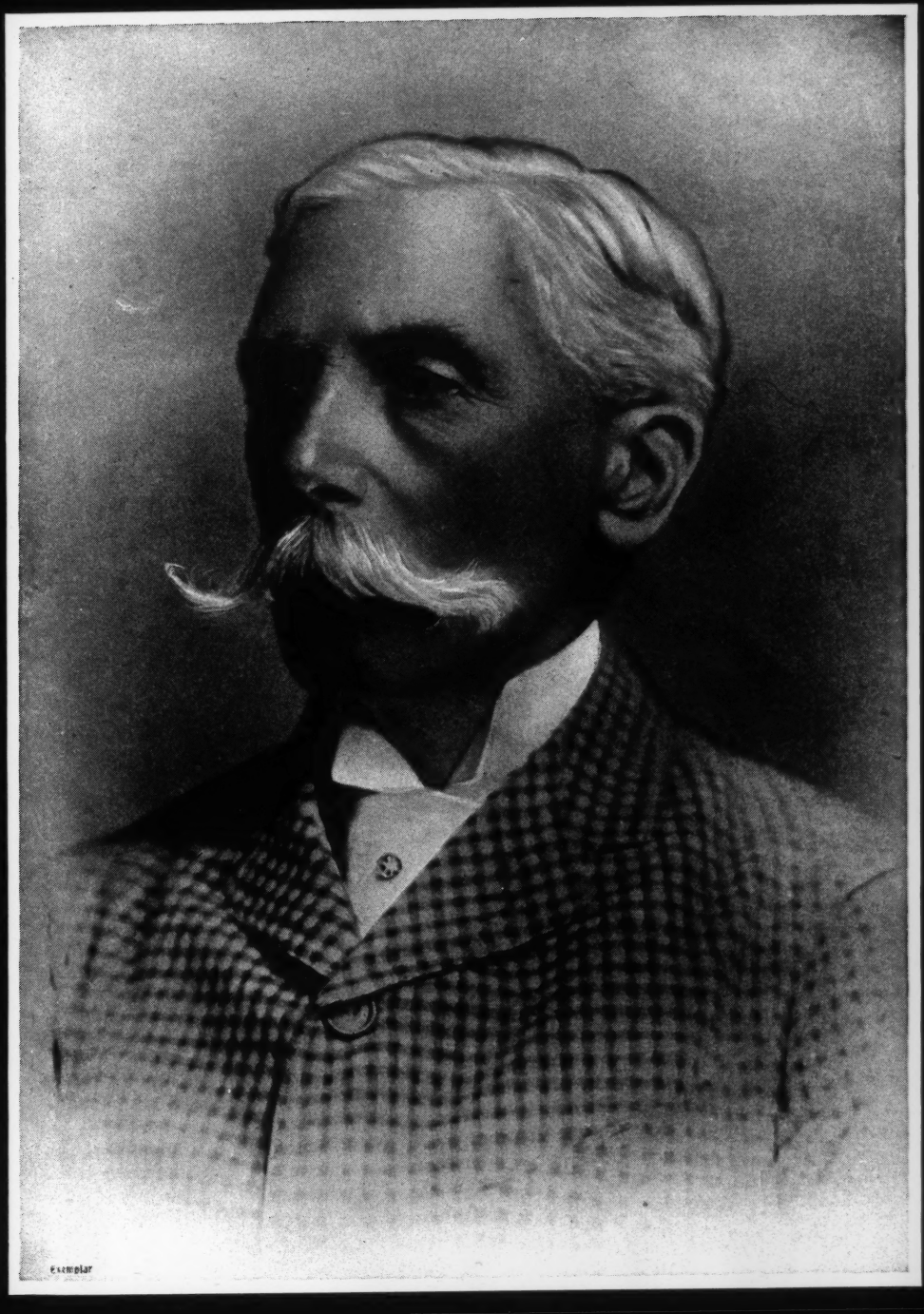
A. J. BUTLER.

* "Dante and the Divine Comedy." By W. J. Payling Wright. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

## EDWARD PLANTAGENET.*

Of some books the titles seem born, not made. Dustbins by any other name would smell less ancient. The title seems instinctively to voice the *cri de l'âme*, the keynote of the work. Here it is clumsy affectation—clumsy and so probably artless. But let us be fair—let us put ourselves in the author's place. Well, no doubt the stolid public of Hume and Mackintosh would have been content with the plain title "A Life of Edward I.," and after all the Hero always has been and always will be known in history by that name and

* "Edward Plantagenet (Edward I.). The English Justinian; or, the Making of the Common Law." By Edward Jenks, M.A. 5s. (Putnam's Heroes of the Nations Series.)


Exemplar

THE
POETS
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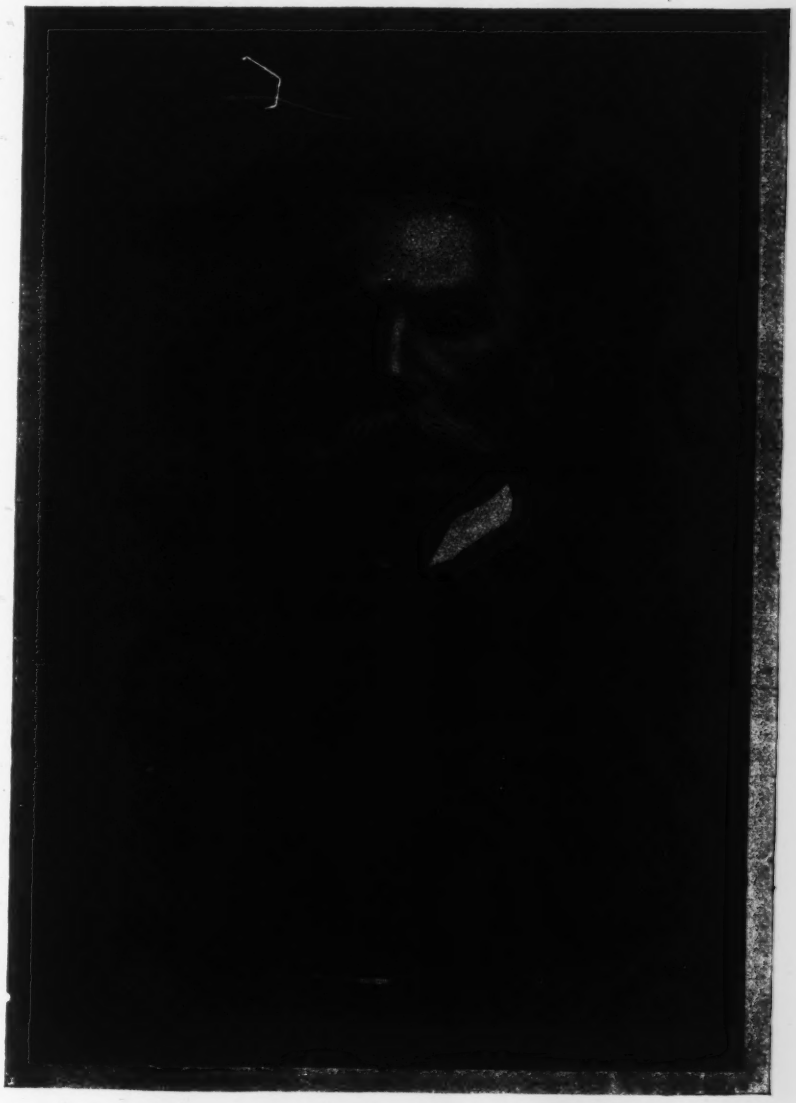
OF
ENGLAND.

**ALFRED AUSTIN**

*Photo by Elliott & Fry*

**Appointed 1896.**



no other. But for that very reason it is inadmissible. We want something more startling, more theatrical. "Edward the Just"? Too short! too flat! How would the words of his epitaph do, "Scotorum Malleus"? Alas! the "Scotch Reviewers" might retort that he was rather the Anvil. "The English Justinian"? Too hackneyed! and founded on a most superficial analogy! However, it will do for a second title. And a third is tacked on, to which we will only object that the Freemanite shibboleth "making" is becoming tiresome, and that in any case grammar seems here to prefer "maker." Now, a certain historian, the latchet of whose shoe—but why these odious comparisons?—some years ago stooped to the bombastic title, "The Greatest of all the Plantagenets." Mr. Jenks falls back on something tamer, but at least more obscure. For there were dozens of Edward Plantagenets besides the five who wore the crown; so "(Edward I.)" has to be added as a key to the mystery. Is not this affectation? is it not clumsy? Should we endure "Charles Stuart (Charles II.)" or "George D'Este (George III.)" or "Peter Romanoff (Peter II.)"?

Thus much for the title, because it is the keynote of the whole work. The serious and serial reader will not be surprised that Mr. Jenks wastes seventy out of his 350 pages on a preliminary canter through eight centuries of Universal History, not even sparing us the Tartar conquest of China. These yeasty surges of facts, which he fails or omits to connect with Edward I., suggest, like much of what follows, the notebook of the college lecturer. Yet he professes to write as a lawyer and adept in the history of the Common Law, and in his Preface and elsewhere claims a monopoly of the period against mere lay historians, thus raising hopes which he hardly fulfils. He has certainly studied the documents at first hand, and formed opinions about them, which might prove more weighty and convincing, if more fully stated and explained. His remarks on the Hundred Rolls and on the later clauses of the Stat. Westminster II. are excellent. But the lay reader will make little of this cursory and imperfect "making of the Common Law," while the student will sigh to find how much of these vaunted new lights are only the first principles which he crammed a generation ago from the ordinary text-books, and how much is mere confident and partisan conjecture.

As a history of the reign the work lacks form, proportion, and balance. Many important points are slurred over, among them the expulsion of the Jews, and plausible conjecture is often stated as established fact. It reads too much like the regular college lecture, a running analysis of the history enlivened by the usual modern quips and sallies. These monographic booklets have naturally too much head and tail and too little body. They excite, worry, and disappoint our curiosity. Turn aside to the chapter on Edward I. in any old standard history, say Lingard's, and without waiting, without tedious prologue, up goes the curtain, and you have the play, and nothing but the play. Oh why—you will exclaim—could not Mr. Jenks have boldly purloined this calm, steady, consecutive, ample, detailed, reasonable, and convincing narrative, correcting its few obsolete errors, and enriching it with the fruits of his legal studies? To a biographical study Mr. Jenks hardly pretends, but he shows two rare qualifications. He never attempts to evolve an ideal hero from his own imagination. And stripping off the tinsel of the pseudo-mediæval school he grasps firmly the strangely modern elements in Edward's character, and treats him as a contemporary.

Y. Y.

# Novel Notes.

**THE KENTONS.** By W. D. Howells. 6s. (Harpers.)

In this, Mr. Howells' latest, novel we have a striking illustration of the extraordinary patience which lies in American fathers and mothers. The story is excellent in every way in which Mr. Howells knows so well how to be excellent, in quiet effectiveness, in distinct characterisation, in artistic simplicity. All the well-known power is here, the power which compels the reader to go on to the end of a story almost guileless of incident, makes him remember it, too, and recommend it to all who care for good reading; but in addition to this "The Kentons" is an interesting presentment of parental patience. Ellen Kenton, a good, pretty girl who, unlike her sister Lottie, has had no lovers, falls in love at length with a flippant, rather despicable young man, who hangs about her in a desultory manner with no definite intention, and succeeds in the partial breaking of her heart. From this time on the state of Ellen's affections is the main care in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Kenton; for her sake they bestir themselves and, homesick and troubled, go first to winter in New York, and then take steamer for Europe; debating, discussing, fretting, planning, all for Ellen's recovery; while Ellen herself, good, sweet, aggravating girl, goes up and down in her moods as a barometer in April, driving the good parents almost distracted. The reader not infrequently wishes to shake Ellen; but Mr. and Mrs. Kenton are wonderful, even humorous, in their devotion; and the sufferer's slow recovery by means of an antidote, the steamer life, the homely touches, the crisp sallies of Lottie and her brother, leave a reader pleased and placid as he makes room for the volume on a shelf of favourites, to be read again.

**THE ASSASSINS.** By Nevill Myers Meakin. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"The Assassins" deals with a branch of the religious and military order of that name which migrated from Persia to Mount Lebanon, and exercised a baleful authority there in the days of the crusades. The vows of the order bound every member to blindly obey the will of its chief (called the "Master," and believed to be God incarnate), and it was hated and feared for its sudden, ruthless assassination of whoever incurred its displeasure. Bent on the murder of Saladin, Sultan of the Moslems, the "Master" selects from his followers Hassan, the Arab, and the more to win him to his purpose, has him drugged and transported to "the Paradise," a valley of almost supernatural wonders hidden among vast mountains, and accessible only through a secret cavern. Here, believing himself dead and in heaven, Hassan loves and is loved by Saida, one of the women of the "Paradise"; then is promptly drugged and spirited back to the outer world. When he wakes to despair, he is assured that by slaying Saladin he may obtain pardon and be restored to the bliss that, for his sins, he has lost. He eagerly pledges himself to this task, but, at length, on the very verge of its fulfilment, stronger influences even than his love of Saida restrain him. He realises the "Master's" trickeries, becomes a staunch adherent of the Sultan, is doomed to death, in consequence, by the Assassins, and when he is giving up hope of meeting Saida any more, she comes to him. Then, when everything seems ending happily, the end is not happy, which, from the romance point of view, is perhaps a mistake. The battle pictures are somewhat blurred by an over-elaboration of detail, otherwise the descriptive parts of the book are remarkably well done. Hassan, with his passionate love and innate nobility, is drawn with fine sympathy and skill, and Mr. Meakin gives to most of his characters, from the "Master" and Saladin down to Mahmud of the bodyguard, just those subtle human touches that make the novelist's puppets alive. It is a very clever story, in which the marvels and mysteries of the Arabian Nights are effectively blended with the glamorous realities of an ancient world that is become so shadowy in the centuries behind us that one can make dreams of it.

**EL OMBU.** By W. H. Hudson. Greenback Library. 1s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The second volume of this new library has almost as distinct a flavour as the first, which contained the tales of Maxim Gorky. Mr. Hudson writes of a still less familiar land, the pampas of South America, one that he does not pretend to explain, but which has fascinated him by its beauty and its mystery, by the mingled romance and wild savagery in its people and their home. His are no rattling tales of adventure, though adventures are rife enough in his tales of "Niño Diablo," and the inhabitants of the old house El Ombú. The shade of destiny falls across his pages. The men and women, no matter how full of life and movement and beauty they seem, are shown like puppets in a great game they cannot control. The fatalism is seen alike in the sweet resignation of Valerio, in the passion of revenge of Bruno, in the weary waiting of the priest who watches the terrible history of Marta Riquelure. Older than the oldest legends of our ancient cities of Europe seem these tales of modern men on the immemorial plains and untameable wilderness. The traveller from whose lips they fall has the eye of an artist—who lets fall the unessential—and the soul of a poet.

**BREACHLEY: BLACK SHEEP.** By Louis Becke. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Breachley is a young Australian bushman who is led into bad ways by Brandon, a good-looking villain of a peculiarly deep dye. He takes to drink, and is "shangaied" by the mate of a short-handed Yankee ship, which carries him to San Francisco. Here he adds gambling to his other vices, but discovers a long-lost brother, who induces him to transfer the scene of his activities to the Pacific. After eloping with another man's wife, he finally marries a lovely and virtuous widow, and settles down as an industrious and sober citizen. The story is crammed with incident, and, although it depicts a somewhat sordid and unpleasant side of Australasian and Californian life, it is written with Mr. Louis Becke's customary power, and goes with a swing from start to finish.

**THE KING'S COUNSEL.** By Frank Richardson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

The career of a great advocate offers a promising field to the skill of the novelist, but it cannot be said that Mr. Richardson has made good use of his opportunities. The volume under review appears to have been compiled from the following recipe:—Take the shady side of London clubdom; add to it a description of forensic life as viewed from the standpoint of the Old Bailey; stir well, and serve up hot, with a sauce of thinly veiled personalities. The book as a whole is a piece of glaring melodrama; taken in detail one is distressed by the repulsiveness of most of the characters depicted in it, and by a plethora of inartistic sneers and gibes. Mr. Richardson appears to be one of those who imagine that all dissenting ladies wear elastic side boots. At the same time it must be admitted that he possesses a considerable wit and no mean skill in the concoction of epigrams. It is to be hoped that in his next novel he will endeavour to shake off the baneful effects of cheap cynicism, and avoid the pitfalls of grotesque over-colouring and sensationalism.

**THE KING'S SCEPTRE.** By Walter E. Crogan. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

This story of a magnanimous plot conceived and carried through for good and great ends is one certain to attract romantic boys and girls. The succession to the throne of Hartzen provides matter for a deal of adventurous incident. The narrative is good, the character drawing above the average, and the style of the staidly artificial kind which the tradition of this order of book seems to demand.

**ON THE OLD TRAIL.** By Bret Harte. 6s. (Pearson.)

Bret Harte's farewell to us is worthy of him, and entirely characteristic. In this last book he is, indeed, still "on the old trail," and we follow in his track once more without any sense of monotony. We can think of no one who has produced so much as he has done in a narrow field, who has kept up to the end the fresh vigour and the sharpness of observation of his early days. His sentiment may be obvious enough to us now after our many years' acquaintance with it, but it springs from a deep well of humanity, and the taste never palls. And his untired eye has proved to us that the happenings and the humours of the road he has chosen to travel by are still unexhausted. In "A Mercury of the Foot-hills" the sensational circumstances are more than usually gruesome, but they tell with fine effect against the chivalry of the innocent lad, who is the unconscious tool of the beautiful vil-

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lainess, Mrs. Burroughs. For piquant comedy of a somewhat grim order, "The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel" and "For the Plaintiff" could hardly be bettered. In some of the others we may have the feeling of re-reading old tales, but the feeling gives the same pleasure as does meeting old friends, who have always been associated with the kindly, vigorous times of our life. And when we lay down the book it is with the very real regret that, after this, we shall journey no more with a good, wholesome, and vivacious friend along "the old trail," save in grateful memory.

**THE PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY.** By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

We know now exactly what to expect from "Mr." Grier, and are never disappointed, unless this certainty be in itself something of a disappointment. He introduces us to nicely bred English folks, who wander into unfamiliar fields abroad, and have strange adventures. These adventures are narrated with care and with a good deal of spirit, and however perilous they appear, we always now have the conviction that they will not materially alter the comfortableness of the nicely bred English people who survive them. The workmanship is invariably good, and the personalities are always sufficiently varied. These remind us of a clever tourist's sketches, which never quite miss the rendering of character, and which record many memorable things, but never in a memorable way. In this new book we meet some old friends, and, indeed, the principal parts may be said to be played by Cyril and his nephew Usk, while the lively and ubiquitous Hicks is as lively and ubiquitous as ever. But Count Cyril's adventures in Palestine are somewhat overshadowed by those of his nephew, who falls in love with a beautiful American, certainly one of the most unattractive young women in modern fiction. Her audacity and devilry and the romantic story of her parentage will perhaps win some interest for her, and it will be well for the success of the book if this be so, for her selfishness is quite strong enough to defeat the writer's general intention of making the story mainly one of international politics. Whether she will marry Usk or King Michael of Thrace, and how she will conduct herself as a queen, seem in the course of the book to be far more important questions than the fate of Palestine or the intrigues of Scythia.

**THE CHAMPION.** By Mary L. Pendered and Alice Stronach. 6s. (Harper.)

The authors of this story have, presumably, visited an isle in the western seas, and enjoyed themselves there, nursing romantic feelings amid the sunsets and the mists. Their grateful memories have urged them to write about it. But the real life in those western isles is so old that a lifetime is hardly enough for a stranger to learn its reality, and this story, with all its scraps of Gaelic and its admiration for certain Highland customs and characteristics, is only a tourist's novel, that sorry thing that rends mystery to tatters and exploits beauty. In other spheres the clever writers would, we are sure, do themselves more justice than here, where they feebly follow Mr. Black.

**FLOWERS OF FIRE.** By E. M. Clerke. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This story is interesting, as proving that neither Polish conspiracies nor Neapolitan courtships can fill the dreary void left in a novel by the absence of men and women. No one can feel the slightest interest in Prince Prassadoff, or Count Zaroiski, or Esme, or Capuani, or the rest, for the simple reason that there are no such people. It is not that they do impossible things. That were a very mild offence, if indeed an offence at all. Their unpardonable sin is that they are impossible things. They are distinguished from each other only by some external badge, such as yellow hair or a hot temper, and by the single hard black line that marks off the good characters from the bad. It would be well if novelists of the type of Mr. Clerke would remember the word of a mad artist who died nearly a century ago, the wisest and sanest thing that has been said of human nature: "Goodness and badness," said William Blake, "have nothing to do with character. A lion is a lion and a horse is a horse; that is its character. But a horse is no more a lion for being a bad horse." Let Mr. Clerke think over this aphorism, and try to understand it. He may then see that an abstraction cannot be turned into a man by giving him a particular kind of hat, and calling him a Polish patriot or a Russian spy.

# The Bookman's Table.

**THE PATH TO ROME.** By H. Belloc. 7s. 6d. (George Allen.)

The reading public are already familiar with Mr. Belloc as a serious historian; in his latest book they will find him a writer gifted with a singular fantasy and a remarkable turn of wit. Mr. Belloc makes his words dance and jump, or crawl and grovel, as the fancy seizes him, till the printed page itself appears to teem with life and vigour. He is fettered by the traditions of no school; his style and phraseology are entirely of his own contriving. At times the reader seems to be borne along on the bosom of a placid lake, when, presto! the scene changes, and he is tossed from side to side as though by the vagaries of a foaming torrent. It would be difficult to imagine a more vivid piece of word-painting than the "Path to Rome." To read it is like peering through a kaleidoscope. Nothing comes amiss to the author. The most commonplace incident in a walking tour develops, under his magic pen, into an event of absorbing interest, and forms the foundation for much shrewd philosophy and quaint moralising. The whole book bubbles over with fun and sheer enjoyment of life. Its humour is the product of an artistic and scholarly mind, and is always the very best of fooling. At times the author's Celtic imagination takes wings unto itself and skims along so rapidly that it becomes difficult for the slower and more ponderous Saxon mind to follow it throughout its flight. Like the will o' the wisp, the narrative flits from topic to topic, but it is always witty and always charming. All this is the more remarkable when the difficulty of writing a good book of travel gossip is considered, a feat which hitherto few besides Sterne and Robert Louis Stevenson have succeeded in encompassing. "The Path to Rome" is a really noteworthy book, which, although written in a light vein, contains very marked traces of literary power and skill.

**SAVAGE ISLAND.** By Basil Thomson. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)

Savage Island, otherwise Niué, is one of the latest additions to our Colonial Empire, its annexation having taken place on the 21st of April, 1900. This tiny island boasts of a native ruler, King Tongia, who is chiefly remarkable for the fact that he engineered his accession by means of his pertinacity in continually proposing himself as a candidate for the vacant dignity, till the chiefs finally gave way in the desperation of boredom. The volume under review contains an interesting account of the habits and customs of these unsophisticated islanders. The concluding chapters deal with the condition of Tonga since its incorporation in the British dominions beyond the seas.

**THE BETTESWORTH BOOK.** By George Bourne. 5s. net. (Lamley and Co.)

There is an underlying teaching in this chronicle of desultory talks with an old Surrey labourer. These are the sayings of Bettesworth, of the old man who had his opinions, his philosophy, his knowledge of subjects which were his work in life—and which have their unquestionable importance, though they do not enter into the cirriculum of a polite education—who roved, and toiled, and criticised, and endured. But, as the chronicler says, "it is becoming increasingly plain to me that Bettesworth is as other men, or—what is more to the purpose—that there are thousands of other men who are as Bettesworth is. He is a type of his class. His talk is full of anecdotes about neighbours, as capable, as energetic, as resourceful as himself." And further, "we take it for granted, and do not notice the tough breed of men at their obscure work. Yet if their work were to cease, England would become uninhabitable before a week was out." There is but little that is striking in Bettesworth's expressions, but little of the wit and humour the peasant of fiction has prepared us for. Yet his words are arresting and sometimes almost startling in their aptness, and the chronicle forms a volume which many will like to keep near them, to read more than once for its revealing picture of an ordinary old workman. "How the

Harvesters Travel," "A Wet Hop-Picking," and many another of the "talks," give impressive pictures of the pleasures, and the ways, and the hardships of the peasant poor. The chronicler, too, has phrases as pleasing as those of Bettesworth; speaking of an incorrigible old loafer, he says, "Long before I knew old Biggs, I had heard of him from Bettesworth, as being a very mirror of idleness." Speaking of Bettesworth himself, who was out of sorts after Christmas fare, he remarks, "Observing him more narrowly, I saw that he looked pale and gently sick." Bettesworth can be seen in these pages, and the lesson of his life, while entertaining in spoken fragments, may be seriously learned and genuinely admired.

**THE TOWER OF LONDON.** By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. Vol. II. 21s. net. (George Bell and Sons.)

This second and concluding volume of Lord Ronald Gower's history of the Tower is, if not perhaps so strictly valuable as the former as providing the more ancient, hitherto unknown material, so difficult of access and so welcome to the antiquary, more fascinating as romance; for in it is the record of the picturesque, eventful, tragic reigns of the Stuarts, when the Tower still formed the striking background of big events and scenes of daily and, too often horrible, interest. Passing from the Stuart period, the historian goes on to the Hanoverian, and so to our latest times, including, in his Appendices, an account of the recent discoveries made. The two volumes form a useful, reliable, and detailed chronicle of, perhaps, the most interesting and certainly most historically important of our national monuments; and the fine collection of illustrations, both ancient and modern, included here can scarcely be spoken of too highly. Portraits, scenes, maps, and plans complete the usefulness and charm of this work as a reference book for the student, and a means of enabling the lover of romance and history to verify and picture the notable scenes enacted within these time-defying walls.

**VERSES.** By Charles Lusted. (Richards.)

Everything pleasant can be said of the manner in which the publisher has sent out this little book; and for its contents nothing unpleasant is due. The verses are touchingly innocent, quite free from affectations; the sentiments they express are always respectable and never surprising, and their metres, if not subtle, are always cheerful.

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***JULY, 1902.***

# The New Books of the Month.

MAY 15TH TO JUNE 15TH, 1902.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

AITKEN, W. H. M. H., M.A.—The Divine Ordinance of Prayer, 3/6 ..... *Gardner, Darton*

BACON, B. W., D.D.—The Sermon on the Mount, 4/6 net *Macmillan*

CHASE, FREDERIC HENRY, D.D.—The Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

DALMAN, GUSTAF.—The Words of Jesus. Authorised English Version. By D. M. Kay, B.D., B.Sc. 7/6 net *T. & T. Clark*

[This is an attempt to interpret the words of Jesus by the help of their supposed equivalents in the Aramaic original. On the whole, a constructive volume, with many happy suggestions, and some valuable elucidations.]

Diary of a Soul, The. In the Year 1901. 2/6 net *A. H. Stockwell*

Dictionary of the Bible, A. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., and Others. Volume IV. ..... *T. & T. Clark*

DUFF, ARCHIBALD, M.A., LL.D., B.D.—The Theology and Ethics of the Hebrews. The Semitic Series. 5/- net *John C. Nimmo*

GORHAM, CHARLES T.—Faith: Its Freaks and Follies, 1/- *Watts & Co.*

HOLBORN, A., M.A.—The Pentateuch in the Light of To-Day, 2/- net ..... *T. & T. Clark*

MACDONALD, REV. DUFF, M.A., B.D.—Revised Catechism, 2/6 net *A. & C. Black*

[In handy compass, presents a scholarly examination and revision of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. An extremely valuable book for teachers. The Rev. Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., contributes a short, encouraging preface.]

SAUNDERS, T. B.—Professor Harnack and His Oxford Critics, 1/6 net ..... *Williams & Norgate*

SELBY, REV. T. G.—The God of the Frail, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

[The author of the "Imperfect Angel and Other Sermons" has lost none of his skill for striking themes and fresh illustrations. These twenty sermons are as richly and as becomingly adorned as any of his former volumes.]

SIME, A. H. M.—"The Epic of God," 2/6 net ..... *Stockwell*

SMITH, REV. JOHN, M.A., D.D.—The Integrity of Scripture, 3/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*

SPURGEON, T.—"My Gospel," 2/6 net ..... *Stockwell*

WALLACE, REV. H. C.—"After this Manner," 1/6 net ... *Stockwell*

NEW EDITIONS.

BÜCHNER, PROFESSOR LUDWIG, M.D.—Christianity and Buddhism *Watts & Co.*

Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, and Philippians. Edited by G. Currie Martin, M.A., B.D. The Century Bible *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

HOLYOAKE, GEORGE JACOB.—The Logic of Death ... *Watts & Co.*

Numbers. Edited by G. Buchanan Gray, M.A. Corinthians, Galatians, Thessalonians. Edited by Vernon Bartlet, M.A. 2 Vols. Temple Bible Series. 1/- net each ..... *Dent*

### FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT.—Sir Theodore's Guest. And Other Stories. 3/6 *Arrowsmith*

ALLEN, INGLIS.—A Graduate in Love, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

BECKE, LOUIS.—Breachley: Black Sheep, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—His Italian Wife, 6/- ..... *John Long*

[The latest novel from the pen of this prolific writer gives the somewhat pathetic, yet often amusing story of a butterfly nature mated with one of sterling worth and refined tastes. It also gives sunny pictures of Italy and Italian life.]

CROMIE, ROBERT.—The Shadow of the Cross, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*

[A tragic story of a young minister of excellent intentions, but hot blood, of two cynics of differing nature, and a beautiful girl of the congregation. Mr. Cromie weaves the tale with deftness, and makes it thrilling with incident. A Scotch-Irish background is picturesque when sketched by him, and the book, as a whole, is eminently exciting and readable.]

CUSHING, F. H.—Zuñi Folk Tales, 15/- net ..... *Putnams*

DELANNOY, BURFORD.—The Margate Murder Mystery, 2/- *Ward, Lock*

[A horrifying tale of crime, told in Wilkie Collins style with the interest well-sustained.]

DOWNE, WALMER.—The Dane's Daughter, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

EDGE, K. M.—Ahana, 6/- ..... *Chapman & Hall*

EUSTIS, EDITH.—Marion Manning, 6/- ..... *Harpers*

[An ambitious man and a girl with illusions are worked into a pretty record of politics and love. The disillusioning of the heroine is severe, but the treatment is not hackneyed, and the book is decidedly above the average love-story.]

GLASGOW, ELLEN.—The Battle Ground, 6/- ..... *Constable*

GREY, ROWLAND.—The Unexpected. Illustrated. 3/6 *Ward, Lock*

["To say that my name is Charlotte Cordiner, that I never was good-looking, and that I am just past forty, is not likely to inspire any very special interest in me." But, indeed, a very keen interest is awakened as "Charlotte Cordiner" proceeds to

tell the story of her life as governess at Cecil Grange, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Garraway, "the city tailor-made people." Here and there, perhaps, the sting is a little cruelly given; but the book is *piquant* and really entertaining.]

GRIFFITHS, MAYOR ARTHUR.—No. 99 ..... *Macqueen*

[A sensational detective tale, in which a murder is committed in the first chapter and cleared up in the last, after bringing suspicion on most persons in the book. The Grand Hotel, Bythesea, is the scene; and the publicity inseparable from the case under such conditions, and the various and varying clues are skilfully manipulated by the author, who concludes with confessions of crime and love.]

GWYNNE, PAUL.—Marta, 6/- ..... *Constable*

[A Spanish tale, well-told, and of considerable interest. The hero is the narrator, and sufficient incident, romance, and Spanish atmosphere are mingled to make the roomy book one of many attractions.]

HAGGARD, MAJOR A.—Only a Drummer Boy, 1/- ..... *Treherne*

JACKSON, J. DODD.—£50,000! And Other Stories, 2/6 *A. H. Stockwell*

LITTLE, MRS. ARCHIBALD.—Out in China! 2/6 ..... *Treherne*

[China and things Chinese are generally given to us in serious history, but Mrs. Little has taken China for the rather unusual background of her novel. The story, which includes an account of some desperate danger in rebellion and riot, is told with dramatic effect.]

MACLEOD, TORQUIL.—The Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle, 3/6 *John Long*

[Visions and fancies and elementary emotions play across these pages. The tales are Celtic in inspiration, and sufficiently Celtic in presentment.]

MARSH, RICHARD.—Between the Dark and the Daylight, 6/- *Digby, Long*

OXENHAM, JOHN.—John of Gerisau, 6/- ..... *Hurst & Blackett*

PRÉVOST, MARCEL.—Léa. Translated by E. Marriage. 6/- *Duckworth*

PRYCE, DAISY HUGH.—Love's Mirage, 6/- ..... *Greening*

RICHARDSON, FRANK.—The King's Counsel, 6/- ...*Chatto & Windus*

SEDGWICK, S. N.—Petronilla, 3/6 ..... *Newnes*

[A striking collection of stories of Early Christian times, founded upon documentary accounts, and portraying the zeal, as also the violence of the first centuries.]

SIMS, G. R.—Nat Harlowe, Mountebank, 3/6 ..... *Cassell*

THOMAS, ROSE HAIG.—Spiderland, 5/- ..... *Grant Richards*

TREHERNE, PHILIP.—Miss Chesterton's Decision, 3/6 *Fisher Unwin*

TREMAYNE, HAROLD.—The Shears of Fate, 6/- ..... *Treherne*

TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—The Poet and Penelope, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*

["'Oh! Oh! Oh!' cried Penelope, in a joyous *crescendo*, 'there's the Poet at the gate!'" Penelope had an effective trick of repetition, which was caught by the Poet on the last page, and he cried, "'God bless her! God bless her! God bless her!'" This is mainly the history of the adventures in London of the Poet, Penelope, and a huge bronze vase; and it is a vivacious affair altogether, though the course of true love is aggravatingly diverted between the day when the poet is at the gate, and that day when he is able to unite Penelope's trick of repetition with his own trick of addressing an invisible audience, and "turning slightly," cry, "God bless her!" Mr. Truscott has given us a clever, amusing novel, bright, and well-sustained.]

TURNER, REGINALD.—The Comedy of Progress, 6/- ..... *Greening*

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